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No. 1250.

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[JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COVET, CHANCERY LANE.]

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—
A FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS.—THE SESSION will commence on WEDNESDAY, the 15th instant, at Three o'clock precisely, when the Rev. JOHN HOPFUS, Ph. D., F.R.S., Professor of the Faculty of Mind and Logic, will deliver an Introductory Lecture.

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH, A.M., Dean of the Faculty.
CHAR. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council.

October 6, 1851.

UNIVERSITY HALL, GORDON-SQUARE,
is open as ACADEMICAL RESIDENCE for STUDENTS of UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Tutor in Mathematics—WILLIAM ATKINSON, B.A.

Information can be had from the Principal at the Hall; or from the Rev. D. DAVIDSON, Honorary Secretary, 16, Frederick street, Gray's Inn-road.

GOVERNMENT SCHOOL of MINES and of SCIENCE APPLIED to the ARTS.

MUSEUM of PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.

The Course of Study at this Institution will commence on THURSDAY, the 9th of NOVEMBER, 1851; and the following Lecture and Practical Demonstrations will be given during the Session.

1. CHEMISTRY, applied to Arts and Agriculture—Lyon Play-

er, Ph. D., F.R.S.

2. NATURAL HISTORY, applied to Geology and the Arts—Ed-

ward Forbes, F.R.S.

3. MECHANICAL SCIENCES, with their applications to Mining—

Robert Hunt, Keeper of Mining Records.

4. METALLOGY, with its special applications—John Percy,

F.R.S.

5. GEOLOGY, and its practical applications—A. C. Ramsay, F.R.S.

6. MINING and MINERALOGY—Warington W. Smyth, M.A.

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Practical Instruction in the Field, in Geology, Mining, and Metallurgy, is given in the above-mentioned Classes.

Students may attend separate Courses of Lectures and Field Instruction on payment of the Fees mentioned in the Program.

The Laboratories for Chemistry and Metallurgy will be open for the reception of Patients on payment of Fifteen Pounds for each Session, and Five Pounds for each Month.

Officers of the Army and Navy, either in the Queen's or the Honourable East India Company's Service, are admitted to the School at half the usual charges.

Students are invited to apply with the view of obtaining the Diploma of the Institution, are requested to apply to Mr. TREHAN

Hall, the Museum, from whom the necessary information may be obtained.

H. T. DE LA BECHE, Director.

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Protestant Clergyman, in the prime of life, residing with his family in Frankfort-on-the-Main, wishes to receive into his home a young GUGLIELMO KLAUER, aged 16, to receive him for two or three years for a Commercial or Classical Education. He can give the best references. Address, pre-paid, to G. E. C., care of Messrs. Williams & Norgate, 14, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

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Catalogues, price £1 each, may be had in London of Mr. Thomas Hodson, 13, Paternoster-row; or of Mr. Hyndman, 7, Castle-place, Belgrave, on application, inclosing eight postage stamps.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1851.

REVIEWS

A Refutation of the Charge of Imposition and Fraud, recently made at the Police Court of Birmingham, against the Baroness von Beck, based upon Authentic Documentary Evidence. Collected by Constant Derra de Moroda. Bentley.

Some weeks since we informed our readers, in relation to the extraordinary case of the Baroness von Beck, that Mr. Bentley was about to publish a justification of that lady's character, based, as he promised, on documentary evidence:—and we refused to accept as conclusive of the falsehood of her book the authority of those who had kept silence as to the imposture for so long a period after its publication,—at least until that statement should be before us. The promised exculpation is now on our table:—and, after a careful reading of the statements of the two chief witnesses, and of the various letters and affirmations put in as evidence—though we are not fully satisfied that all the material facts are yet known—the impression left on our mind is, that the unfortunate lady has been treated on most imperfect grounds with a harshness and violence to which we can scarcely recall a modern parallel in this country,—and to which her life was sacrificed. That in calling herself the Baroness von Beck, and representing herself as an agent of the Hungarian Government, she was guilty of fraud or even of deception, has yet to be proved. M. Hajnik stated in the Police Court that there was no such person as the Baroness von Beck; but we find in the documents now before us letters addressed to her under that title from many Hungarians of high rank—amongst others, Count Paul Esterházy,—all of whom, we notice, write to her in the most respectful terms. Count Esterházy's letter runs thus:—

"Hamburg, March 25th, 1850.

"Madame Baroness,—I have just received your amiable letter. I thoroughly conceive your disappointment at not finding Klapka in London: it must indeed make a great difference to you. I feel it vividly as an unfortunate incident to you; hoping meanwhile that your tact and your sagacity will serve you in London, as they have everywhere else. * * Once more, Madame, may God be your aid! May He support and enlighten you, and grant fruit to your noble zeal; and, above all, sustain you in the moderation which belongs to you, and which it is so essential for you to observe; in order to render us comprehensible—in order that we may forgive ourselves for our misfortunes, as well as for our want of experience in tactics and routine. Adieu. Good courage! That will not fail you: I know it to the shame of many men. Receive, Madame, the homage of my distinguished sentiments.

(Signed) C. PAUL ESTERHAZY.

Madame, Madame la Baronne de Beck."

Part of a "declaration" made by M. Gorski, aide-de-camp to General Bem, is as follows:—

"On the 27th of July, whilst travelling as aide-de-camp from Clausenberg to Szegedin, I found Madame von Meszlenyi, Kossuth's sister, in Arad, from whence I travelled with her to Szegedin; and she also spoke of the merits of the deceased Baroness von Beck. Lastly, on the 27th of July, I accompanied Kossuth's mother from Oroszhaláza to Arad; on which occasion also the Baroness von Beck was frequently remembered. All the above-mentioned persons knew her, and entitled her Baroness Beck.

There is much more evidence to the same effect, which to our minds—compelled as we are to form our judgment out of such materials as the parties concerned choose to lay before the public—seems of as much weight as the affirmations of M. Hajnik and the reserves of Mr. Toulmin Smith. If these gentlemen can prove

the lady to have been an impostor they have it yet to do.

But let us turn for a moment to a relation, here supplied by eye-witnesses, of the manner in which the poor lady was treated in these extraordinary proceedings: and if she were not an impostor—and even if she were—our readers are likely to agree with us in thinking it scarcely credible (for anything that has yet been produced, or even alleged, to justify it) that they should have happened amongst gentlemen and under the forms of law. The narrative reads like a leaf out of the Inquisition records. Venice or Valladolid might have furnished such a set of incidents as we find here related by M. Constant Derra de Moroda and M. Daniel von Kászonyi as occurring in this prosaic country town. After briefly describing the first appearance of the Baroness, or alleged Baroness, in Birmingham, the interest which she excited, her serious illness, and her removal to the house of Mr. Tyndall, the writers proceed.—

"On the 28th of August, the Baroness was so far recovered, that she was present at a *soirée* given by Mr. Tyndall; and even felt able to comply with the desire of the company, that she would give them a specimen of the Hungarian national dance. On the following evening, August 29th, there was also a party at Mr. Tyndall's, and everything went on pleasantly till about nine o'clock. Mr. Tyndall then entered, and summoned his lady and her sister from the parlour, informing them that his sister, Mrs. Ryland had been taken ill. There were three Hungarians in the company at this period—the Baroness von Beck, M. Constant Derra, and M. Daniel von Kászonyi. Derra was seated at the piano, playing some Hungarian airs, and the other two were conversing. As soon as Mrs. Tyndall and her sister were removed, Mr. Tyndall came to Derra, touched him on the shoulder, and requested him to step into another room, as there was a gentleman there who wanted to speak to him. Derra immediately obeyed the summons; but no sooner was he outside, and the door shut, than he was seized by two policemen, hurried along the passage, and thrust into a cab, which was waiting. All his demands for explanation, as to the nature of the charge upon which he was arrested, were treated with contempt and insult. The cab drove off to the police station in New Street, where he was searched like a thief, and his letters taken from him to the number of six, *two of which were never returned*. After this operation, he was conveyed to the cells in Moor Street, where he was locked up. The Baroness and Kászonyi were still in the room, knowing nothing of what had befallen Derra. About ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, after his removal, Mr. Richard Peyton approached the Baroness, and politely offered her his arm, intimating his wish to speak to her in private. She accepted his support, and left the room, when the same scene was played over again. She could not speak English; and it is easy to conceive the terror of a helpless woman, thus dragged from the midst of a social assembly, where, the very moment before, she had been treated with all possible respect and attention; dressed as she was for an evening party, and infirm in health, suddenly, and in ignorance of her alleged crime, carried off to prison."

The whole of this scene appears at first reading incredible. A little further on it is stated that, by some means, the host was induced to conceal from his unsuspecting guest the designs of her accuser,—"to lead Mr. Hajnik into the garden himself,—widen the opening in the window-curtains, and stand by while the domestic circle was overlooked, and the helpless woman who had long been a member of it marked and noted by Hajnik." This mysterious visit,—this night arrest—so far as appears in these papers, without warrant—without stating a specific charge—without offer to accept bail for an appearance in the morning,—surely all these strange and secret proceedings had reference to some other motive than

the charge that the lady sold a romance for a true story,—and which it has been thought convenient carefully to conceal from the public. One result of these proceedings, however, does come to light in the papers before us (it is remembered that we are speaking only on their authority), and seems to indicate the direction in which motive might be sought. The papers of the Baroness were seized,—and have since been kept by some one:—and the parties to this pamphlet even complain that the abstraction and retention of these documents have deprived them of the most important means of here proving her innocence.—But, to the story.—

"Kászonyi was still in the parlour, completely ignorant of what had taken place, nor had he the remotest hint of it until Mr. Tyndall, after depositing against the prisoner, suddenly entered the apartment, and said: 'Gentlemen, we have all been mistaken in the Baroness von Beck—she is no Baroness.' Kászonyi took this for a jest, and thinking it rather out of place, replied, 'Je trouve cette farce bien drôle.' Mr. George Dawson, however, assured him that it was no jest, for that both Derra and the Baroness were at that moment in prison. Kászonyi astonished and indignant at what he deemed the falsehood and treachery practised upon his friends, demanded the nature of the charge against them, the name of their accuser, and the place of their imprisonment, intending to do something, though he knew not what, for their defence. Neither Mr. Tyndall, however, nor his friends, would answer any of Kászonyi's questions. All he could extract from them was to the effect that he would know all about the matter at eleven o'clock the next morning. Kászonyi then left Mr. Tyndall's house, and went into Birmingham to make inquiries concerning his country people. He walked about the town till eleven o'clock at night, seeking for information respecting the place of their imprisonment, but without success. Finding all his efforts in vain, he then returned to his hotel."

M. Derra continues the narrative.—

"Placed in a miserable cell, my brain on fire, and my bosom bursting with shame and rage at the frightful outrage inflicted upon me, I walked up and down like a wild animal in its cage. I felt as if my very heart would break with the anguish of my wrongs, and the sense of my helplessness. I had not a friend near me, to whom I could apply for advice or assistance; I was completely surrounded by the toils of my unknown enemies. I thought of my aged parents, and pictured to myself the fatal shock it would be to them to hear that I had been dragged to an English prison. I thought of my father, smitten to the grave with sorrow at the disgrace of his son, and it almost made me mad. I could have shouted aloud with desperation, and had the means been at hand, I fear I should have been tempted to do myself deadly mischief. I know not how the hours passed—they seemed to me then to stretch themselves out into ages; and now that I look back upon the whole, it is like a hideous dream. At length the morning began to dawn upon this night of misery. The violence of the tempest that raged within me began to abate; I could think of my position with something like calmness. I sat down upon the wretched bench that served for a bed, and tried to comprehend the circumstances of the last few hours, and to discover if possible the cause of my captivity. Whilst reflecting upon these subjects, my attention was attracted by a low mournful sound, which seemed to proceed from the cell adjoining that in which I was confined. I had been aware of this noise all night, though I was so distracted with my own passions, that it did not excite my special notice. It sounded like the voice of a human being in distress. I approached the partition and listened attentively, and soon distinguished the voice of the unhappy Baroness. She was groaning weakly, and praying that some Christian would give her a glass of cold water for Christ's sake! and send her a physician, as she was dying. She spoke German, and therefore was not understood; but I heard a rough voice cry to her several times to be quiet. I begged

the keeper very movingly to allow me to go out of my cell for a few minutes; he did so, and accompanied me himself. I looked into the Baroness's cell: she was sitting upon the side of the bed. I was astounded at the change which had taken place in her appearance since the last evening; her face was shrunken and unnaturally pale. She swayed from side to side, unable to sit in an upright position, and kept up a continual low wailing. As soon as she saw me through the grating, she beckoned me to stay, arose from the bed, and staggered to the wall, against which she supported herself whilst she crawled to the door outside which I was standing. 'I am falsely charged with being no baroness,' she said; 'and they say that we are impostors.' Her voice was altered and wild, and she sobbed convulsively when she had uttered these words. She then cried out, 'Send me a physician—I am dying—a little water! a little water! for Jesus' sake!'—The keeper, Joseph Yates (let his name be recorded with honour), was kind enough to procure her a glass of water, which she had prayed for in vain in her own language for nine hours and a half. I then returned to my cell, to await the investigation, which I was informed would take place at eleven o'clock before the town magistracy.

The death of the unfortunate lady in the ante-room of the court is followed by the examination and acquittal of M. Derra:—and then, the whole matter is hushed up, but for the remonstrances of ourselves and others who are left to explain as best we can to our several bodies of readers our introduction to their notice of an alleged literary impostor. They who did not think it necessary to expose the lady on the literary or moral ground must give us some good reasons for their exposure now, and some proofs in support of it, ere they command our implicit reliance on their assertions unsupported and their knowledge withheld.

It will be of course understood that we guarantee none of the statements and indorse none of the speculations of this pamphlet. The statements, however, so far as they can be tested, sustain themselves,—and the letters are inferentially contradictory of the statements on the other side. It is fair, however, that we should lay before our readers, to be received as they may choose, one of the speculations of the pamphlet which undertakes to expose the springs of the proceedings against the Baroness.—

There is reason to suspect that a plan was concocted with the utmost secrecy, and that extraordinary exertions were used to collect every scrap of evidence which could tell against the Baroness, with the intent of making a fatal swoop upon her on the evening of the 29th. There is also reason to suspect that the most extraordinary efforts were made to lull the Baroness into entire unsuspicousness of what was intended. She was not once asked for her credentials. She was surrounded with the most flattering and apparently hospitable attentions. She was deprived of all possible means of defending herself, whilst a barrister is brought down from London, armed with the results of all this eager industry. The charge is proceeded with while the woman lies dead in the court! The magistrates discharge the other person accused with her, on the ground that there was no evidence against him. The advocate then begs that the *papers of the deceased may be given up to him*, stating, with a supernatural clairvoyance, that they contained the particulars of a conspiracy among the Hungarians. They are given up to him; and, by a strange sympathetic action, her lodgings in London are visited at the same time, and her keys taken away. That those papers contained a plot, rests upon the mere assertion of the Baroness's accusers. That they contained most important proofs of her integrity, is very certain; such proofs as would have effectually demonstrated it to the world. The judgment of those who knew most about the Baroness's affairs is, that the whole process had for its object to discredit her as an authority on Hungarian affairs before the British public. This looks extremely probable, when the declared enmity between her and certain individuals is con-

sidered. Indeed it is impossible to believe that all this mighty preparation, this hunting up of evidence, that secrecy and fineness, that simulation of kindness, that feverous excitement to have all ready by the 29th, which the very dates of letters read against the Baroness betray, could have been deemed necessary, were she the wretched, illiterate, and depraved woman, which her enemies represent her. Instead of moving heaven and earth for her destruction, a breath would have swept her away. But she was making her way with the public; she was about to publish a new work, which might haply be made the vehicle of her resentment. It must not come out; she must be stigmatised; everything must be done to crush her at a blow. That the most extraordinary persuasions were used to induce the gentlemen at Birmingham to act as they did is pretty plain: on no other grounds can their conduct be accounted for. The ends of justice would have been abundantly answered by taking the Baroness into custody on the morning of the investigation, but to take her from the midst of an evening party would give more *éclat* to the vengeance she had provoked. Had the Baroness been warned of what was in preparation, she would have communicated with friends willing and able to defend her; therefore she was to be kept in the most entire ignorance of the coming accusation.—

Before concluding, there is another matter, in which our columns are concerned, to which we must allude. In his letter to ourselves on which we commented some weeks since [see *ante*, p. 1002, col. 1], Mr. Toulmin Smith informed us that M. Pulzsky was not consulted by Mr. Bentley at all in reference to the manuscript of the Baroness von Beck. Mr. Smith explained that "a mutual friend showed him [M. Pulzsky] a few pages of manuscript, without any intimation as to who was the author":—and thereby he drew from us an admission that a part of the case against M. Pulzsky was satisfactorily explained, and that that gentleman was relieved "from any charge of having been a virtual guarantee of the authenticity" of the book to Mr. Bentley. That admission will have to be retracted if the following statement of the facts, given in the pamphlet, be true.—

"He [Mr. Bentley] wished for M. Pulzsky's opinion as to the credibility of the authoress, and therefore sent him the first two sheets and the preface, in which the Baroness von Beck states her name, her birth, and the death of her husband, which it was thought would be quite sufficient for the formation of an opinion by M. Pulzsky, who was supposed to be well acquainted with all the incidents of the Hungarian war. M. Pulzsky's opinion was favourable, and did not refer to the literary character of the work only; indeed, it would be rather creditable to his judgment to suppose that he would give an opinion of that kind upon such very insufficient data. M. Pulzsky's intellect must also be defended, though a little at the expense of his memory; for he could not be so absurd as to recommend an alteration in the arrangement of the book, when he confesses himself that he saw only a small part of the first chapter. It would be just the same as if a man should recommend an alteration in the entire score, when he had heard only the key-note."

We close this tract with an impression that as yet the English public are only at the threshold of this painful mystery. Explanations are due from many persons,—and foremost from M. Pulzsky and Mr. Toulmin Smith. They may of course choose to remain silent; but the English barrister at least will know how many are the chances that in such a case judgment may go by default. Mr. Bentley, we must say, has acted in the matter with openness,—and at present the case stands in favour of his client. A word from Kossuth—who will soon be here—will settle the question of imposture;—but even if this should be established, contrary to present appearances, the Hungarians will still have to explain their long silence in the matter.

Vestiges of Civilization; or, the Aetiology of History, Religious, Aesthetic, Political, and Philosophical. Baillière.

The entire work of which only a fragment is here presented to the public would, we are told, have filled a volume half as large again as the present,—which contains upwards of four hundred closely printed pages:—yet the whole was written within two months. Considering the abstruse nature of the subject, this was pretty quick work. The anonymous author may at least claim the credit of being a fast-sailing American clipper. We doubt whether any English philosophical writer would venture to race with him; so that here is another point of superiority to be conceded to our Transatlantic cousin According to Horace, *Lucilius the old poet*

— in hora sepo ducantes,
Ut magnum, versus dictabat stans pede in uno.

But that was a trifle compared with the feat of our modern American philosopher.

It has been said, that easy writing makes very hard reading. We never remember to have felt so strongly disposed to concur in the sentiment—expressed with all its original force—as on attempting to get through this volume. We only wish the author had been as slow in writing as we have been in reading it. With every effort to comprehend it, we have miserably failed.

Possibly the subject is too vast to be grasped by commonplace minds—the ideas are too ethereal to come within the range of vulgar apprehension:—or, perhaps there may be some truth in the author's remark upon his work, that "had it been convenient to write it over, the manner would have probably gained, the manner undoubtedly." At any rate, we can only say, the contents of this volume transcend all the most sublimated transcendentalism that has been our good fortune to read or hear. Let nobody talk about the difficulty of understanding Kant after this. His 'Critic of Pure Reason' is mere childish simplicity compared with these 'Vestiges of Civilization.' Mr. Carlyle tells us that the Germans have found it necessary to have a dictionary made for the sole purpose of interpreting Paul Richter's German; but we do not believe a new dictionary and grammar together would suffice to make this oracular communication of the American "great unknown" intelligible to the *profanum vulgus*. Is a note there is a curious confession which we think might with propriety have been extended to the whole production:—"I freely own that, touching these extreme terms of the complication in Life and Mind, or rather the precise combinations of polarities that should produce them, *my meaning is at present very far from clear, even to myself*. And yet I know that I have a meaning; that it is logically involved in my statement; and is such as (perhaps within half a century) will set the name of some distinct enunciator side by side with, if not superior to, that of Newton!" We know not what truth there may be in this modest prediction;—but of one thing we are very sure,—that neither Newton nor any other philosopher ever had to solve a harder problem than that of eliciting a clear and consistent meaning from many of our author's remarks. If he really does himself know what he means, he is uncommonly skilful in the employment of language as an instrument for concealing his thoughts.

We have no wish to inflict on our readers the toil we have undergone in the vain attempt to penetrate the thick mist of obscurity which hangs over every page. Yet justice demands that we should substantiate our assertions by an extract or two. After having triumphantly demonstrated a proposition which we need not specify, the writer goes on to say—

"To this safe conclusion I will therefore add but

This simple of physiology open generally from a principle Number tick from Comparisons of Affinities or classification seen to be development Method, by natural law term) of the appertaining in particular circular and called the aspect is a comparison Method a other hand parts, L Perception view."

A little mathematics to us a Ch "I may whether the mathematician, the general many of the turned inst and places only the b wing volta state amid avy rise a new line strik in the nerve vegetable; from the lec-motion alia axia, the nervous p with natur and with all its opp finally into nate membra, one, or in jective sense.

What c "In a w imagination compound formed particular trigonometer giving them of human present or solitaria id. It will attempt to acknowledge comprehend. In theory, hasty con despatchable, jarr severity smelly eman in activity pretty ex reading; of the di quite in

This simple indication—That Reasoning, in the sense of syllogism, is a due superposition of Number upon generalization; a development of properties from a principle; while Growth is a like superposition of Number upon polarity, a development of particles from the great magnet of the earth. That Comparison on the contrary, being a superposition of Affinities, is an envelopment of objects in a cycle or classification; even as (animal) Life, which was seen to be a superposition by assimulations, is the development of polarities into a circuit. That Method, being a superposition by Figure upon natural law, is a co-development (if I may use the term) of the various objects and their relations as appertaining to a triangular inclosure while the science is particular, but expanding, with the consolution of special sciences, into a sphere; and that Intellect or Perception is a like convolution or convolution of the principles and propensities of the individual percipient, his conflicting polarities, both circular and tangential, into the spherical battery called the brain. Or, to designate the operations in the aspect of mere facts, we may say that Reasoning is a continuous transformation of syllogisms, Comparison a continuous transformation of classes, Method a continuous transformation of arts; and on the other hand that Growth is a constant transformation of parts, Life a like transformation of positions, and Perception a still more rapid transformation of points of view."

A little further on occurs the following mathematico-metaphysical curiosity, which is to us a Chinese puzzle.—

"I may perhaps venture, in conclusion, to submit, whether the mental monitor that gives the mathematician, after a few steps of his simple inductions, the general law of an indefinite series; that gives to many of the lower animals the stranger guidance, termed instinct, unto processes of constant symmetry and places before unknown; that guides quite similarly the human animal along to the confines of strong volition, and there abandons him free to fluctuate amid an ocean of 'conceptions' which successively rise or vanish with each third resemblance in a new line—whether, I say, this agency be not described in the following calculable formula: Instinct = the nervous energy with a unilateral polarity such as the fibrous or muscular system exhibits in the vegetable; Volition = the nervous energy, set free from the earth of instinct, and endowed with the loco-motion of a circular polarity, around a moveable axis, in all planes; Induction or Reason = this nervous polarity brought into conformity enough with nature to allow the progressive accretion of truth and excretion of error to take place freely at all opposite poles, and in this way working itself finally into scientific harmony with the main magnetic meridian of the universe; Relation, Law, Science, or in a single word 'conception' = the subjective sentiment of these objective operations."

What can be the meaning of this?—

"In a word, memory gives sides to sensation, and imagination adjusts them into figures. And this compound process, led by resemblance, that is to say formal unity, went on to unify, to simplify these particular groupings, by embracing them within this trigonometrical expedient of Perception, by aggregating them upon the sides of this triangular nucleus of human Knowledge, upon the distant, the past, the present or personal; until all things seemed condensed in the supreme image called the *cosmos*. It will hardly be expected that we should attempt to give any outline of a work which we acknowledge ourselves utterly unable to comprehend. The author talks about his system, his theory,—and so on. To us, however, his last composition is nothing but a *rudis insigne moles* of incongruous and unintelligible jargon, strongly resembling the monstrosity sketched by Horace in the opening lines of his *Ars Poetica*. There are undoubtedly smart sayings here and there, indicating an activity of suggestion and many proofs of pretty extensive, though not very accurate, reading; but as to the connexion or coherence of the different parts into one whole, we are quite in the dark. If there be a clue to the

intricacies of the maze, we have not been lucky enough to discover it. We must therefore content ourselves with barely transcribing the heads of the different chapters. The work is divided into three parts, — a number for which our American friend seems to have a strange predilection, if we may judge from the frequency of its occurrence. The First part is headed "Mechanism of Civilization,"—and comprises chapters on the "Analysis of the Human Mind," "Analysis of Cosmical Nature," and "Analysis of Method." Part the Second is devoted to "Ætiology of History,"—under which we have "Mythological Cycle," including chapters entitled "Philosophy of the Fine Arts," "Philosophy of Human Institutions," "Philosophy of the Heathen Religions," and "Systems." In the Third part, which bears the title "Metaphysical Cycle," we find only one Chapter,—and that is on the "Philosophy of the Christian Religions."

We cannot refrain from giving one specimen of our author's method of philosophizing. Referring to an investigation which he has just brought to a close, he says,—

"The course, spontaneous and necessary, of this psychological deduction, has thus led us, step by step, to the following familiar vestiges; which it may be well to juxtapose under the three divisions of the whole development. Perception, then, passes progressively, and in consequence of the constant effort to simplify the phenomenal world into harmony with its own unity, through,

1st (series), Sensation: Memory: Imagination:
2d " Reflection: Abstraction: Generalization:
3d " Reasoning: Comparison: Method.

The consecutive and characterization, general and special, of these several terms, might have been traced with more precision, if greater nicety were necessary, or there was not danger of being thought inconsistent, by a certain class of readers, who mistake all logical refinement for the metaphysics I had just repugned. But our purpose was, beside, content with ascertaining on the most summary scale, their respective functions, their number and succession; and a glance along the diagram must now satisfy in these particulars. It will be hard for example, to designate a process or 'power' of mind, not included, at least as circumstance or application of one of these. For instance, *will* is but the entity supposed to operate *Reason*; *reason*, a like fantastic symbol of the process of that name; *judgment*, but *Abstraction* re-concreted to an individual object; and so with many others, as may be tested without great sagacity. And, moreover, it is to be observed, in reference to the completeness of the enumeration, that the sole psychological phenomena with which I am here concerned, are the purely mental; these being the leading, if not only, elements of the movement of civilization. As to the order, it may be tested by suppressing any of the middle stages, and trying to show how the human intellect could have overpassed the gulf. Each term *will*, in fact, be found to presuppose the preceding, and be itself included in each and all the following. * But as the brain, in the human subject, is found divided into three compartments, proceeding serially from one another, and connecting all with the spinal trunk; so does our aggregate of functional processes exhibit three cycles or series, progressive in march, and revolutionary in movement; each series being appropriated to a speculative circuit (so to speak) of nature, but moving, respectively, upon images, essences, effects; or in more learned phrase, upon phenomena, noumena, and the relations between them (which, however, Kant, as a mere metaphysician, duly failed to recognize); or in more solid and scientific language, upon the statics, the dynamics, and the *science* of the system. Might it be that those three progressive triads of perception give the explanation so long sought by anatomists, of the three successive lobes of the brain, and which the phrenologists, led in this case by the manifest analogy, for once appropriated correctly, though quite empirically; for their three regions of the sensuous appetites, moral sentiments, and intellectual faculties,

are characterized exactly in the leading terms of my three series, namely, sensation, reflection, reasoning? Might it be that the three membranes which envelope the whole mass, relate in origin, if not end, to its three successive formations? Would not such a notion seem countenanced by the well-known fact, that the skull itself exhibits three distinct and dissimilar layers of bone; even as the scales of the crocodile, the shell of the crustacean, nay, the interior of the tree, are seen to register in their laminations successive epochs of enlargement. The convolutions also—which are not coiling, be it marked, but platting, that is, *triangular* indentations, and which are found in each of the three lobes, but of diminishing depth—might they too not, as above suggested, be the real organs of the mental processes; especially since, in avowed ratio to the manifestations of intelligence, they recede both in number and calibre, down the scale of animal life, until in the lower vertebrates they disappear entirely, at least from human ken? Is there absurdity in conceiving that the trigonometrical surveys by which alone we saw perception could compass the notion of relation, might be somehow executed, through the contraposition of the two sides of the nervous convolutes; which, conjoining in an enclosed angle, may be the organic data for inferring, as in geometry, the opposite, the objective line?"

At the risk of being thought captious, we must protest against the barbarisms with which these pages are so thickly studded. Our readers will have noticed some in the above quotations. We beg to inform this anonymous philosopher that such words as "demarcated," "repugned," "duplicity," "caption," "disparates," and "concrete" used as a verb, are not yet recognized as pure English in this country. Whether his authority may be sufficient to give them currency, we cannot say. We have never before met with the names *Fichte*, *Shelling*, *Berkley*, and the *Stageryte*. One who pretends to be acquainted with the philosophers denoted by these misnomers ought to know how to spell their names correctly.

Lady Avice. A Tale of the Day. 2 vols.
Bentley.

We cannot well say all we would on the subject of this novel without appearing to be inconsistent with ourselves. Whatever of merit it possesses is so inextricably mixed up with failures, that in presenting the one for approbation we seem to be directly contradicted by the other,—which come with it. We must try, however, to explain what we mean.

It is the spirit and intention with which a book is informed that gives its value,—the individuality and indication of original power as distinguished from clever facility of imitation. Hence it happens that an attempt at art, otherwise full of errors, may convey promise of future excellence, whilst another with far fewer faults may yet indicate that the writer will never pass the latitudes of mediocrity. There is a certain dull completeness that leaves no hope. '*Lady Avice*' belongs to the class first mentioned. It is evidently a first work, written by a more than usually unpractised hand,—and with a wild defiance of all the laws of unity, grammar, and probability. The action of the tale is most perplexing, and would baffle the skill of the most patient unraveller of the plots of novels. General readers will give the book up in despair,—and no one can blame them. Still, there is in this work a degree of promise that, while it can do nothing for the present tale, gives prospect of something greatly better "another time." There are indications of both skill and delicacy in the delineation of female character. Not, be it understood, in the drawing of full-length heroines,—the author is as yet too inexperienced in the craft for that: but we have spirited, life-like sketches of kind-

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natural English gentlewomen of private life, not very wise nor very brilliant, but with a distinct well-marked individuality about each of them,—and a thoroughly English home-life atmosphere,—which we have not met with in novels of much higher pretensions.

It is true, these persons have often nothing to do with the story,—and are sadly in the way, like unskillful actors on the stage. Increased practice, combined with study and painstaking, would enable the author to mould the next work into an artistic form,—and her good gifts will then take their places as well-proportioned parts of a graceful whole. At present, as we have said, nothing has been achieved. The story wavers between Dorsetshire, Calais, Dover, Sicily, Malta, and many other places, for no particular purpose either of business or of pleasure,—and the action is more puzzling to comprehend than Bradshaw's 'Railway Guide.' Every incident is narrated in the most desultory manner:—persons alive and well, doing good service in one page, drop suddenly away and die, without a paragraph to mark their end. The most important incidents are noted like items in a catalogue:—which causes the reader to lose much that is very necessary to be known. The author is unsparing in the use of the fatal shears. There are ten deaths to which we can depose positively;—whilst the dangerous illnesses, dreadful accidents, and perils by land and by water are far too numerous to mention. At the end of the book it is difficult to ascertain who is left alive and unhurt. The interest is stranded in long rambling conversations during which nothing is done,—and trifling, irrelevant incidents are drawn out to a wearisome length. Hero, properly speaking, there is none; for Ethelred Kent, the individual who has married Lady Avice and forsaken her under circumstances that render him liable to the action of a court of justice, scarcely appears at all,—and labours under great difficulty of appropriate speech. Lady Avice is a well-conceived character,—but grows tiresome at length with her suffering and self-control.—We must speak in terms of strong reprobation of an audacious flippancy of tone in which the author too often indulges. This is in the worst possible taste:—a fault that would disfigure a much better book than the one before us.

Our readers will now understand amid what a host of incidental weeds grows that flower of promise on which, nevertheless, we think it is well worth while to let in the nourishment of a little critical sunlight.

Golden Dreams and Waking Realities; being the Adventures of a Gold-seeker in California and the Pacific Islands. By William Shaw. Smith, Elder & Co.

This is one of the most interesting and best written books that we have seen on California. The author, who seems to be a young man, had, after a voyage to India in the capacity of midshipman, given up the naval profession, and emigrated to South Australia, in 1848-9. Seeing no prospect of a suitable occupation there, he was on the point of returning home to England, when, seized on by the gold-mania which at that time was drawing adventurers from all parts of the world to California, he determined to go thither in search of fortune. In possession of but scanty funds when he left Adelaide, and having no time to procure remittances from home, he was cast in this venture entirely on his own resources.

Taking a steerage passage, for which he paid 20/-, in the *Mazeppa*, the first ship that left South Australia for the gold regions, the author, with twenty other emigrants bound on the same errand, set sail from Adelaide for San Fran-

cisco; which place he reached, after a tedious voyage, in the beginning of September 1849. The following is his account of his first day and night in the metropolis of California,—then in the infant stage of its wonderful growth.—

"It would be difficult to describe my sensations after the first day's ramble in Francisco. I had witnessed so many startling sights, that had I not been well assured of their reality, I might have imagined them phantasies of the brain: buildings were springing up 'as at the stroke of an enchanter's wand'; valuable merchandise was strewed about in every direction; men of every costume and colour—Down-Easters with sharp-set faces, sallow Southerners, gaunt Westerners, sturdy English Colonists, Californians and Chilians, Mexicans, Kanakas and Celestials, hurried to and fro, pursuing their various avocations; and business to an incalculable amount seemed to be transacted. Looking at the rude signboards inscribed in various languages, glancing at the chaos of articles exposed for sale, and listening to the various dialects spoken, the city seemed a complete Babel. Gold was evidently the mainspring of all this activity. Tables, piled with gold, were seen under tents, whence issued melodious strains of music; and the most exaggerated statements were current respecting the auriferous regions. But amid scenes of profusion and extravagance, no sign of order or comfort was perceptible, nor did any one appear happy: wan, anxious countenances, and restless eager eyes, met you on every side. The aspect of personal neglect and discomfort, filth, rags, and squalor, combined with uneasiness, avidity, and recklessness of manner,—an all-absorbing selfishness, as if each man were striving against his fellow-man,—were characteristics of the gold-fever, at once repulsive and pitiable; and, notwithstanding the gold I saw on every side, a feeling of despondency crept insensibly over me. Having landed our baggage on the beach, finding we could not obtain safe stowage, and that it was not the custom of the country, nor indeed practicable, to retain a superfluity of clothing, four of us agreed to erect an awning of sheets, and dispose therein of our stock of wearing apparel to the best advantage to passers-by. So constructing shelves and a counter of stray planks, we emptied our trunks of their contents, and exposed the articles to view. I realized by the sale of my personal effects seventy dollars. The beach around was covered with cast-off clothing; varnished French boots, satin and silk waistcoats, and similar luxurious but unfit articles of apparel, being discarded for others of more serviceable and durable materials. Boxes and baggage were perched on the ledges of the cliff, as safe from being pillaged as if they had been guarded; severe and summary laws against felony deterring the most knavish from stealing. One of my shipmates, having a few barrels of spirits proposed retailing them, in conjunction with myself. Being unable to procure a tent for our temporary grog store, we ran a few posts in the ground, nailing quilts around and above for covering. On the first night of sleeping under our shelter, my comrade, who had been drinking in company with some Mexicans during the day, fell asleep with a pipe in his mouth; and at midnight I was aroused by a suffocating smoke which filled the place, his clothes having caught fire. In trying to put out the flames, which had reached the quilts, the frame-work of our 'store' came down upon us; my comrade, completely inebriated, lay on the ground insensible of danger, so pulling him by the leg from underneath the burning canopy, I extinguished the fire. I then wandered about till daylight, inwardly resolving never to associate in an undertaking with a man given to habits of intoxication. The morning was bitterly cold, and when I returned, my shipmate lay as I left him. The dew and cold had somewhat sobered him, however; and after sundry admonitions I left him. Thus passed my first night in California."

Although the author's expectations were considerably chastened by what he saw at San Francisco, he resolved to proceed to the "Diggings." Of those who set out with him from San Francisco for this destination, only three—the second mate of the *Mazeppa*, a Chinaman, and a Malay boy—persevered to the last. The final portion of the journey they performed

overland, in the company of a motley gang going the same way. Before reaching the mines, they had to traverse an extensive sandy desert under a scorching sun. The account of their sufferings for want of water in their journey through this desert is one of the most terrible passages in the book.—

"The water-hole on which we relied was dried up; in vain the earth around us was scooped out, it yielded nothing: never shall I forget the consternation and dejection pictured on men's countenances as we gazed at one another. During the nights in expectation of speedy replenishment the water vessels of some had been emptied; I thought of the flushed faces and glazing eyes of the unfortunate. Their case was truly pitiable: they at least expected commiseration, but the harsh summons of the muleteer cut short any considerations of humane sympathy. 'Onwards, men! onwards! Forty miles is the Stanislaus!' Each man for himself, I say. I've earned little to spare.—Onwards we went. Fain would I have swallowed at a draught the small remainder of our supply of water, my vitals seemed on fire; but the Malay boy's life and my own depended on it. Overpowered with heat, exhausted by exertion, burnt up with thirst, those without water to moisten their parched lips and throat could with difficulty keep pace with us. By degrees they divested themselves of their burdens and their clothes, which they left strewed on the plain; each mile they became more enfeebled: in vain they beseeched to halt: our lives were at stake. Two of them actually licked the bodies of the mules for the sake of the animal excretions, to relieve their thirst; but a thick coating of dust prevented their deriving any beneficial effects. One man in his desperation seized hold of the water-skin hanging to the mule. 'Avast there, stranger!' cried the muleteer, and a loaded pistol intimidated the sufferer. The poor mules, with hanging ears and glazed eyes, snorted with agony, and dropped continually from exhaustion; a sharp thrust with the goad, however, roused the animal to stagger on. * * * In the afternoon, those without water, who had with difficulty kept pace with us during the day, having become almost delirious from imbibing brandy, finding that they could not proceed further, or excite our compassion, determined, if left behind, to keep together, four of them did so. Never shall I forget their imploring looks of despair, and the imprecations following our departure. This desertion appears cruel, but our hearts were hardened: self-preservation, that most imperative of nature's instincts, prevailed over all other feelings. Had we stayed we could have rendered them but temporary service, and our own lives depended on our speed. The unfortunate men in all probability soon became insensible, and fell a prey to wolves or Indians: both equally to the alert for helpless stragglers. The prospect of speedy relief made us almost disregard our sufferings, and walking fast, we halted at dark about twenty miles from the river. No wood was to be had, so we camped without a fire; chewing tobacco for the moisture it excited was resorted to by some, and the majority having finished their water at supper, the probability of an attack being made on those who had any left, was hinted at by the muleteers. We were too fatigued to watch, but to guard against an attack we slept together rolled up in our blankets, with pistol in hand and the water-bag attached to us. During the night vigils the wolves again visited us; but the imploring cries, irritated exclamations, and angry discontent of those without water, were far more distressing than the howling of wild beasts. As we could find little repose, some of us started before day-break; those who remained behind proposing to follow us at leisure. Walking at a terrific pace we soon sighted the woodland. Oh! how refreshing to the eye is the sight of verdure after being nearly blinded by the glare and heat of glittering sand. As we neared the Oasis even the very mules, though their eyes were bandaged, seemed conscious of its vicinity, and sniffed the breeze impatiently; one of them, an old traveller on the road, pricking up his ears, neighed loudly, with a sound like the flourish of a trumpet. Revivified by the sight of verdure we pressed onward, and soon entered

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the cooling shade ; the river presently appeared in sight. The mules were disengaged, and throwing down our burthens, we ran to the banks, and without doffing our clothes, eagerly rushed into the cool stream, mules and men indiscriminately up to the neck."

The mode of collecting the gold at the "Diggings" is already familiar to our readers through previous descriptions :— the author's narrative of his own experience as a gold-finder, however, is circumstantial enough to deserve being quoted.—

" After looking at the various diggings, (which in mining phraseology is called ' prospecting'), we fixed upon what we thought to be a profitable locality for future operations. Accordingly, ascending an elevation overlooking it, the Chinese carpenter and ourselves speedily felled some young saplings, and driving two strong posts in the ground we fixed a long spar longitudinally; on this spar rested the saplings and branches in an inclined position; then placing turf at the bottom, our bush-hut was finished that night. The following morning we went to a store, and opened an account for provisions and the needful implements; the following were the items of our bill.—

A Rocker	30 dollars
Spade, Shovel, Pick-axe, and	
two Tin Pans.....	18 "
12lb. of Biscuit, 12lb. of Salt	
Pork and Beef, 4lb. of Frijoli, and 6lb. of Flour	50 "
A Frying-pan, Sauce-pan, and	
two Tin Mugs	12 "

Thus, our first Stock in Business cost us 110 „ = 22L sterl.

Commencing within a few feet of the water's edge I handled a pick and spade, shovelling out the earth to Mac, whose shoulders were best able to carry a burden; he delivered the soil to the Celestial, who stood in the water shaking to and fro the rocker; then handed the auriferous sediment to the inspection of the sharp-eyed Malay boy, who washed it in "Mambrino's helmet" till nothing but pure gold dust remained. * * The arduous labour very sensibly affected our limbs for the first few days; but when we became more accustomed to our tools, it wore off. Unremitting labour from sunrise till sunset was necessary; our very existence depending on the day's produce. Indeed, but for the excitement and the hope of great gain, gold digging might be pronounced the severest and most monotonous of all labour. We changed our digging occasionally, but we generally obtained sufficient gold-dust to procure the necessities of life. Twenty-five dollars worth was the most we ever secured in a day, and that only on one occasion; from fifteen to eighteen dollars seemed to be the usual average of daily finding, not only with us, but most others; and our station seemed to be considered by old hands as pro-life as any other."

Mr. Shaw sums up his information respecting the gold region and its capabilities as follows.—

" The gold region is said to extend five hundred miles in length, by two hundred in breadth; the several 'placers' being wide apart from each other, and the auriferous soil restricted within narrow limits. The bars and shoals of rivers and creeks, and gulches and ravines of the dry diggings are generally most favourable places for the operations of the digger. Some of these places, however, are soon exhausted, and others are not remunerative. The Hon. Butler King, in his report to Congress, referring to the gold-bearing districts and their origin, states that gold, whether in veins or detached particles, was found in combination with quartz, and that the water constantly pouring from the hills, cut in its passage deep mountain ravines, and united its streams with rivers. He supposes that coming in contact with the quartz, by constant attrition it dissolves the stone and cuts the gold into fine flakes or dust. In the mountain ravines and gulches of the dry diggings, gold is usually much coarser than that in the streams, and is frequently found united with the quartz; a circumstance probably owing to its not being subject to such

violent attrition as that found on the banks of rivers; for, as a general rule, the size of the particles of gold is found to be proportioned to the velocity of the stream near which it is found. With respect to the richness of the gold-diggings, the most conflicting statements are current. Of the emigrants who visit the diggings, not more than a third become resident diggers; the early settlers seem to prefer trade to obtaining a precarious livelihood on the mountains: the majority of Californians admit that sufficient may be found at the diggings to pay one's way, but doubt the probability of fortune-making. I have met some who will descent upon the quantities found; but it generally happens that these lucky windfalls did not come under their own observation. Others will even intimate that they have got, or know where they could obtain, two or three ounces a day; but in most instances their beggary condition gives the lie to their assertions. There is an equal diversity of opinion with respect to the fertility of various places; but I believe that there is but little difference in the disposition of their products. * * The most profitable course of action is to work systematically in companies, by turning the beds of rivers, and other proceedings requiring co-operation and time; gold is almost sure to be procured in larger quantities by such means than by isolated efforts. Extensive operations require time and capital, and three weeks' labour is often needful preparatory to one week's work; but the gang-system, when properly directed, is usually found to have the most fruitful results."

Hard work, bad success, the utter prostration consequent on sickness, joined to the prospect of famine in the district from the unusually early setting in of the rainy season, awoke the author from his "golden dreams"; and he resolved to quit the "Diggings," and work his way back into civilized life as best he could. His account of the various shifts to which he was put in San Francisco and other places to obtain a livelihood—which he did only by condescending to the most menial and laborious services—is interesting. The following is his description of San Francisco as he found it on his return, and of the mode of life to which he was there driven.—

" Notwithstanding the high rate of labour, Francisco had taken giant strides in growth: lofty warehouses three stories high lined the streets, extending to the very verge of the hills, which were covered as far as the summit with tents and frame houses. At the wharfs, piers ran out at intervals, and store-houses lined the water's edge to the extent of a mile; moored alongside the wharfs also were the hulls of merchant vessels fitted up as stores and lodging-houses. The spirit of improvement had effected wonders; yet such was the increase of business and the tide of emigration, that even these buildings and accommodations were inadequate to the demand. Small rooms belonging to taverns were let out for offices, and eagerly rented at from two to three hundred dollars a month, though no bigger than ship cabins. As the city increased in extent, its buildings likewise improved in structure and appearance, and offered better accommodation: the decorations of saloons were splendid, and carried out regardless of expense. In the luxuries of the table a gourmand might revel: the choicest fruits and dishes of other countries were to be had, preserved in tins, while wild fowl, young elks, and portions of bear were suspended invitingly over the doors of the restaurants. Silver or plated services adorned some tables, and from iced champagne downwards, the demands of guests could be satisfied. The rate of boarding varied greatly: in some houses eighty dollars was the weekly payment; in others, as cheap as twenty-five dollars: a dinner for a dozen served in good style would cost a hundred dollars; but only those who had made their piles of gold could indulge in these epicurean feasts. Situations under cover it was difficult to obtain: any berth protected from the weather was not to be had for a continuance. It is an old proverb 'he is happy whose circumstances suit his temper, but he is still more happy who can suit his temper to his circumstances.' My occupations were manifold: discharging cargoes, carrying merchants' goods, cutting roads, tent-making, vending fruit, and packing timber. Five

was my usual hour of rising, and however miserable and dark the morning, I was at the various 'points' in search of occupation, eager to seek, and willing to accept, employment at any description of work. Having no settled abode, I lived according to the day's luck; sleeping wherever chance directed."

Greatly to his joy, Mr. Shaw fell in at San Francisco with some of his old shipmates of the Mazeppa, and was offered a passage back to Australia. In the voyage thither the vessel touched at the Sandwich Islands:—the effect produced on the social condition and prospects of which by the turning of the tide of emigration towards California seems to be in the highest degree remarkable.—

" Since the discovery of the gold regions, the importance of Honolulu as an intermediate port has been fully recognized. Vessels from China, the Eastern Archipelago, and the British Colonies, usually touch here, as it is conveniently on their route; while American vessels rounding the Horn, carried west by the trade winds, to make a good offing for the port of Francisco, steer for the Sandwich Islands. Vessels returning westward, homeward-bound, revisit this group; and those bound for the Horn find it advantageous to the pocket and conducive to health to resort to this tropical group of islands, where they can procure provisions at a moderate cost, and renovate their health. * * A large portion of the white population now consists of Californians, transitory visitors: coasters coming in almost daily, bringing passengers from Francisco, and taking back a cargo of vegetables and stock; and as washing in Francisco costs eight dollars a dozen, it is common for a cargo of linen to be sent almost by every coaster to China or Woahoo, to be washed. Crowds of sick and enfeebled men, who have amassed a few pounds of gold-dust at the sacrifice of their constitutions, leave Francisco in the last stage of debility; numbers perish during the passage, but hundreds of these visitants are to be met with in Honolulu, pale, emaciated, and worn out: indeed you would imagine the town a large hospital, were it not for the reckless levity and dissipation of the gold-seekers. The vices of the gold-region having depraved their characters, drunkenness and gambling are rife, while their immorality and licentiousness, rendered more dangerous by the power of gold, are rapidly contaminating the native population. This influx of profligate strangers who have nothing but pleasure and luxurious indulgence in view, causes a great circulation of money, and the tradesmen of Honolulu are benefited by the profuse expenditure: shops filled with expensive commodities are seen in every direction, newly-erected villas and taverns are immediately tenanted, while horses, carriages, and other indications of wealth crowd the promenade. But though beneficial to the trading community and landowners, the invalids from California have proved seriously detrimental to the interests of the original inhabitants. The increase of home consumption, and the exportations to the gold regions, being greatly disproportionate to the yearly produce, caused a scarcity of provisions, which with the quantity of gold suddenly thrown into circulation, made a great rise in prices. * * The missionaries and others of limited income, on which they had hitherto lived in opulence, also found themselves in less affluent circumstances, and unable to live in their accustomed style. The markets were no longer filled with vegetables, fruits, and delicacies accessible to the meanest of the poor; as the vendors, sure of a demand, asked exorbitant prices, relying on the shipping hotels, and foreigners for customers. House rent and tavern charges rose to almost a Californian scale—advancing from three dollars a week to twenty, for board and lodging."

With scarcely a dollar in his pocket, Mr. Shaw at last reached Australia,—cured for ever, he says, of his gold-fever. Thence, he returned to England; and it must add, we should suppose, a kind of comic provocation to his recollection of the various hardships which he underwent in quest of gold, to know (as he now must) that the very metal which he went so far to seek was to be found close to the place from whence he started in the Australian soil itself.

Popular Songs of Greece [Chants du Peuple en Grèce]. 2 vols.—*Literary Episodes in the East [Épisodes Littéraires en Orient].* 2 vols. By M. de Marcellus. Paris, Lecoffre.

THESE works are—what the title of one of them truly states it to be—essentially episodical. M. de Marcellus is the son of Count Marcellus; and his writings bear much resemblance to those of his father. His mind is sentimental rather than scrutinizing. Without being a poet, he has the feelings of one; and he exhibits more of the leanings of a *littérateur* than of the spirit of a critic. Greece, its history and its literature have long occupied his attention,—and he desires to communicate his ardour to others.—Lord Byron has remarked that our knowledge of the modern Greeks is comparatively limited;—and certainly the travellers who have written on Greece are very few when placed by the side of those who have described Italy. The geography of modern Greece has been much neglected; and while many have ascended Mont Blanc, few have scaled Olympus or those other classic mountains made immortal in the verse of Homer. In English literature Greece has not fared well. Those of our countrymen who have published their travels in that country were not peculiarly fitted by their cast of mind for describing its brilliant landscapes or for kindling the reader with the high thoughts that belong to it. No English work on Greece exhibits the same taste or eloquence as Eustace's 'Italy,'—and there is reason to regret that that author did not extend his 'Classical Tour' through the Peloponnesus. In French literature, Barthélémy's work supplied popular readers with a great deal of description and discussion on a subject that must always interest. Travelling in Greece is both expensive and disagreeable from the want of inns and accommodation; and it is impossible to acquire a knowledge of its present state without a fluent knowledge of its language. Thus, we have been surfeited with numbers of slight sketchy works, mere loose leaves by idle tourists,—and with ponderous tomes on the language of antiquity; but we have no classical performance adequately describing what may be called the gradual decline and fall of Greece.

M. de Marcellus occupies a middle rank between a philosophic traveller and a mere sketcher of scenery. The Greek language is an especial favourite with him; and in his 'Chants du Peuple en Grèce' he has printed several pieces taken from poems written during the war for independence. But what he values most is, his collection of the Epigrams of Palladas, who flourished about the fifth century. On the merits of Palladas as a poet M. de Marcellus entertains what Greek scholars would be apt to call heterodox opinions;—assigning to him a far higher station than has hitherto been accorded by the suffrages of the learned. At Cambridge and at Oxford the name of Palladas is known only by two lines of one of his epigrams against the clipping of words, which began in his time. Scaliger held Palladas in utter contempt; and Estienne, one of the best of the French Hellenists, says, that Palladas borrowed from others whatever he found convertible, and added nothing from himself. So little esteemed has he been amongst English scholars, that there is not a solitary specimen of his style selected for translation in Bland's 'Anthology.' Perhaps the circumstances under which the name of Palladas was brought under the notice of M. de Marcellus led him to esteem that poet so highly. While visiting one day at Constantinople the school of Phanar, our author saw written with a piece of chalk on the demonstrator's black board the

following sentence in verse:—"We are brought up and nurtured in death, like those swine which we see brutally butchered." Our author was going to copy the epigram, when the Professor who accompanied him prevented him.—"You need not," said he, "load either your memory or your album. You will find the verses in the Anthology. They are those of Palladas,—as unfortunate a pedagogue for the last fourteen centuries as I am to-day!" Afterwards, M. de Marcellus heard Palladas panegyrized by a Greek (whose name he does not mention) as possessing "the harmony of Plato, the simplicity of Simonides, the grace of Theocritus, and the delicacy of Callimachus!" Our critical distrust of superlatives would at once make us sceptical; nor should we readily believe that any such Greek writer could have escaped due appreciation after the enormous attention that has been paid to classical learning, and the anxiety of its professors to attract attention by resuscitating neglected authors. What seem to our author proofs of profundity and original thinking in Palladas look to us like the veriest commonplace of reflection.

It is difficult to utter anything new on the brevity of life and the mystery hanging over existence. Commonplaces on that theme are endless. M. de Marcellus, however, is much pleased with an epigram of Palladas containing the following thought.—

"How have I been born? Whence do I come? Why? Whither shall I return? I was nought; I shall return to nought. Nought and anything,—such is man. Pour me out this liquor of Bacchus,—the friend of pleasure; there is no remedy more powerful for the ills of life."

These thoughts, apart from the verses in which they are embodied, are to us nothing but an echo of that strain of affected philosophy which runs through most of the Anacreontic poetry of antiquity. M. de Marcellus finds a parallel passage in the 'Pensées de Pascal':—

"As I do not know whence I came,—so I do not know whither I shall go. I only know that in going from this world I fall for ever into nothingness, or into the hands of an angry God, without my knowing which of these two conditions is to be my eternal portion. Behold my state,—full of misery—weakness—darkness."

Our author might more easily fill pages with aphorisms and reflections from the moralists and preachers of all ages, and accommodate them to the foregoing reflections of Palladas, than show any similarity between him and Pascal. We repeat that he greatly overrates the literary merit of Palladas; who, though not deserving the extreme scorn poured on him by Scaliger and others, must yet be counted one of those mediocrities in poetry that are readily forgotten. His thinking is often so obvious, and on themes so trite, that the greater merit would have been to avoid its expression altogether. Such similarity as that pretended to be pointed out above is not of the kind that could be shown to exist between Greek poets and some poems of modern bards:—Ben Jonson, for instance, whose famous song 'Drink to me only with thine eyes' was evidently suggested by the lines of Philostratus,—"ιποὶ δὲ μόνοι πρόπτει τοῖς ὄμμασι," &c.—just as part of his verses on Drayton were suggested by a line of Euripides. We cannot see in the verses of Palladas any of that strong individualism that marks an original mind. The weakest parts of Pope's poetry were called "Epitaphs to let,"—and on the platitudes of Palladas a similar sentence might be passed. In all his three books of epigrams we might seek in vain for one expressed with such laconic force as Pascal's—"If the nose of Cleopatra had been an inch shorter, the fate of the world might have been changed!"

It is worth remarking, that the Greek epigram has no corresponding form in modern literature. An Epigram with the Greeks meant a thought, either poetical or philosophical, expressed with brevity in verse. Mere wit was not a necessary ingredient in the Greek epigram,—and for that style of writing the forms of the Greek language presented an easy vehicle. But in modern times, an epigram requires either wit or humour. The conciseness of the Greek epigram is its only point of similarity with the modern one. It had neither the glitter nor the play of antithetical expression which we have come to consider as essential to epigram. Lessing has said of one of our British epigrammatists (Owen),—that "any man who would read his volume through would get a swimming in the head." In truth, the form of epigram has been disparaged by the constant *bizarrie* and conceit attendant on it. No style is so prone to run into vice as the epigrammatic. Yet its original form, as it existed amongst the Greeks, might be imitated with advantage by many of our diffuse writers of modern times.

In his 'Chants du Peuple en Grèce' M. de Marcellus has printed a great variety of specimens of their poetry down to the present age,—including, as we have said, several productions of the modern Greek muse during the war against the Turks. These latter writings have the marks attendant on all artificial attempts to produce a *renaissance* of an extinct national inspiration. They betray a form of thinking neither old nor original,—a hybrid sentimentalism speaking through well-used tropes and metaphors that have done good service in their time. Their authors are versifiers rather than poets,—with enough of talent, but little inspiration. Poetry is not now a power of the state in Greece. Yet there are such charms and dignity in the noble language of Greece, its forms are so associated with the beautiful and the sublime, that we cannot peruse these modern Greek poems without pleasure. A true Greek poet now-a-days, should such a one arise, must be thoroughly natural,—not borrowing his thinking from the mighty dead. He should be as faithful to the nature and manners lying around him as Burns was to Scotland and to Scottish life.

To illustrate these remarks, we need only take at random some of the modern war-songs printed by M. de Marcellus. What could be expected from a poem in praise of the heroes before Scios in 1823, commencing with such lines as these—

"Ἄλλος ήρωας ἴδιάνη ώς δέ μίγας Ἡρακλῆς,
Ναύαρχος ὁ θαυμαστός μας καὶ δεινὸς Θηρίος
στοκλῆς.
Τώρα εἰς αὐτοὺς τοὺς χρόνους, εἰς αὐτὴν τὴν
ἐποχήν,
Καὶ εἰς τὴν ἐλευθερίαν τῶν Γραικῶν τὴν
γενεκήν."

Here we have Hercules and Themistocles brought together in as rapid approximation as "Leslie Foster and the Duke of Gloucester" in the comic song. Who could make poetry out of such sentiment as "Another hero has appeared—like the mighty Hercules. It is our wonderful admiral—the Themistocles of his time, appearing at the proper period for the deliverance of the Grecian nation." It reminds us of Pope's instance of the bathos—

Like Mars, great god of war,
Lieutenant-Colonel to the Earl of Mar.

There are, however, grace and a dash of power when the versifiers take up subjects that are near at heart to them. Thus, the lines on the death of Marcos Botzaris have real feeling; and being addressed to the hero's brother, they are at once pathetic and exciting.—

The Brother of Marcos Botzaris.

"O! Costa Botzaris, why loitering stand,
The useless in sorrow to sink thus unmanned;—
The war clarion sounds
Through Greece's free bounds,—
The blood of our Marcos cries loud through the land!
Ah! must I from Marcos my brother now part,
The eye of my soul and the pulse of my heart;—
The war clarion sounds
Through Greece's free bounds,—
The blood of our Marcos cries loud through the land!
Brave, comrades, your arms, and rise up in a band,
Come with trappings of war, and with sabre in hand;—
The war clarion sounds
Through Greece's wide bounds,—
The blood of our Marcos cries loud through the land!"

* * *

Passing from the agreeable compilation of M. de Marcellus to his own composition in prose, we may say that his matter is rather too desultory for our taste. He often reminds us of Chateaubriand and Lamartine in his sentimentalism and his aspirations after the French sublime—but he wants the rhetorical ease and energy with which those writers express themselves. There is an amiable and scholarly spirit in his writings which is pleasing, some tendency to rhapsody, and a good deal of true feeling. We cannot help thinking that 'Eothen' suggested his 'Episodes'; but his pen has not enough of incisive force to treat large subjects with picturesque brevity. As Olympus has not been often ascended, and as descriptions of the view from its summit are very rare, we extract as a specimen of the author's manner his account of his ascent to the highest peak of that famous mountain.—

I turned back from time to time to take breath, and catch a foretaste of the spectacle that was to be the final reward of my exertions. At last, one hour after noon, beneath a dazzling sun, and under a north wind that scattered every cloud and gave to the atmosphere a magical transparency, I reached the sharpest and highest point of the mountain;—and there I stood entranced before the pomps that surrounded me on every side. My first feeling was that of a sort of moral faintness,—a shrinking into myself,—forgetfulness of existence, followed by an eager longing after that other country from which I seemed separated only by the clear blue of heaven.

Gradually my thoughts descended from the lofty region into which they had travelled beyond the air of this world, and I began to rally my sensations, and to recognize the distinct features of the view. To the east lay the undulating plains of Anatolia, stretching as far as Armenia and Erzerum:—then, my eyes plunged into the green depths of the valleys of Aksu. To the south lay Mysia and Phrygia, as far as the Meander,—then the lake of Abylon, and the course of the Rhindacus, till it lost itself in the Sea of Marmora. Northward were the solitudes of the kingdom of Pontus, and the waves of the Black Sea dimming like a silver line beyond the Propontis. The great city of Constantinople detached itself from the European continent like a white point in the horizon. Then came the Lake Ascanius, and the proud Arganthon, looking no bigger than a low hill. Finally, the rich plains of Bithynia, fading into the gulf of Kio where the pines of Olympus descend for the service of the Ottoman fleets. Breusa was at my feet, but hidden by the shadow of the mountain. In the centre of the vast circle that unveiled to me a circumference of more than a hundred and fifty leagues, I strove to get a notion of the geological region of the mountains of Asia, and my eyes wandered carefully along their chain and their undulations. I saw them starting from the Euxine and the Hellespont, advancing towards Olympus, forming, as it were, the *cortège* of the mountain, and making the three amid which it sits. Isolated in its elevation, Olympus can be compared in this sense neither to Mont Blanc, which has Mount Rosa for a rival near it, nor to the rocks of Maladetta, defied by the Viminal and Marboreno. It towers alone to heaven:—nothing before it, nor after, nor beside. It only, from Caucasus to Taurus, wears a crown of eternal snow. * * * I was aroused from my reflections by a storm which had formed in the southern valleys that stretched below. I heard the thunder rolling and saw the lightning flashing far below; and beneath my feet

—myself in safety—I looked on those same phenomena of the air that hitherto I had seen playing over head. Here was indeed that Olympus which "lifts its head above the tempests, hears the clouds melt into torrents at its base, and soars above the mutterings of the thunder." * * * I stood on the highest of three heads of the mountain,—or rather on the snow-covered cupola which surmounts them. My eyes scanned beneath the splendour of the sun: and when I cast them on the snow—that dazzled, too,—I saw at times pass over it as it were a black and wandering line. It was the shadow of the great eagles hovering and wheeling over and about the lofty peaks which are their eternal home. The bird of Jove reigns yet above the summits of Olympus.

We shall hope to meet M. de Marcellus in some future publication:—and recommend his present volumes to all those who love to labour in the fruitful soil of Grecian literature.

Sketches of European Capitals. By W. Ware.

Boston, Phillips & Co.; London, Chapman.

Mr. Ware, already favourably known as the author of the volume entitled 'Letters from Palmyra,' says that his present volume is to be regarded "as a convenient way of disposing of matter previously used in the form of lectures,"—and that it is intended "to give the first rapid impressions of a traveller with as little error and exaggeration as possible." We are glad that Mr. Ware has been thus explicit as to the light in which he views his present publication. Coming before the world as a hasty reprint of hasty lectures, these lectures resting on no foundation stronger than the recollections of a rapid tour through four of the best known capitals of Europe,—readers and critics will be in some measure prepared for the peculiar nature of its contents.

Mr. Ware is too clever a man, too quick an observer, and too well able to describe his impressions and defend his opinions, to write a dull book. Whether he writes at random or at leisure he is pretty sure to say something which will be amusing, and not unfrequently suggestive. The book before us is an illustration in point. The sketches which it contains of Rome, Naples, Florence, and London are clever, and written with wondrous fluency:—and that is pretty nearly all that can be said for them. "Rapid" they are most certainly, — and therefore essentially superficial. They just skim and bound along the surface with a touch sufficiently light to catch up some of the more striking features of each spot, and make them the subjects of a superior kind of gossip expressed in language every way worthy of being the vehicle of a much higher strain of reflection and comment.

For an American, the style of Mr. Ware is remarkably pure and full of rhythm. It would be too much to say that he is an eloquent or a vigorous writer, or that his sentences are marked by any peculiarities of felicity or force sufficient to give them a distinctive character of their own. His writings are remarkable rather for their freedom from faults than for their exhibition of great beauties. His command of language is great;—and with many people it is a common error to describe fluency as eloquence. According to such a mistaken rule of judgment, the book before us would occupy a very distinguished place among rhetorical compositions. It is certainly a work of merit as regards style; yet we have examined it in vain for a single passage of genuine eloquence or a single page of original and sterling English. Still, the book is worth reading. The vivacity of the writer is so unfailing, and the narrative, or commentary, or lecture, or by whatever name the subject-matter of the chapters may be called,

rolls on so smoothly page after page, that the reader finds himself insensibly seduced towards the end. An illustration of what we have said is afforded by the following picture of Rome as seen from the tower on the Capitoline Hill.—

"I have described to you the Campagna and the entrance into Rome. I wish now to disclose a panoramic view of all that Rome once was—the great theatre of the voluminous events that transpired within sight of her walls—in order to correct by that single bird's-eye glance, the impression of disappointment received from the first sight of the city. As soon as he has passed the gates, let not the traveller fail therefore, at the first movement he makes after his arrival, to ascend the tower upon the top of the Capitol Hill, and with his map of Ancient and Modern Rome spread out before him, identify every spot and object of historic interest and importance. That is the first duty. From that point you are undoubtedly presented with an area more densely crowded with the footprints of history, from the time Enna landed to that of Augustus, from that to the present day, than from any other on the face of the earth. And not only that, the scene beheld from the point just mentioned, as a mere varied surface of mountain and plain, is one of the most remarkable for its grandeur and beauty united that can anywhere be seen. The whole of the scene together presents the greatest unity with the greatest variety. Here lay the city, once, of one, two, three millions of inhabitants, in the centre of this vast plain; one city, one plain, surrounded on the outskirts by the Apennines, Soracte, and the Mediterranean. From fifteen to twenty miles in every direction, the early inhabitants could detect the approach of an enemy,—in the infant days of the republic an advantage to which may have been owing many a deliverance and many a triumph—a natural position of strength, to which she must have been indebted for her prosperity, almost as much as to her statesmen and her generals. But first, as you look off from the tower of the Capitol, the eye falls upon the very objects directly under you, for which you had been waiting with a fever of impatience—the time-worn vestiges, the sublime yet melancholy ruins of the ancient city. At your feet you behold the Forum—that name that can never be uttered without emotion—the remaining columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans—the Triumphal Arch of Septimius almost perfect in its form, and bearing to-day the inscription placed upon it two thousand years ago—the temple of the virtuous Antonine, and his wife the dissolute Faustina—the huge brick arches of the Temple of Peace,—farther on in the same direction of the Sacred Way the smaller Arch of Titus, with the golden candlestick of the Temple of Jerusalem sculptured in relief—and farther still, where your eye of necessity rests, the Flavian Amphitheatre or Colosseum. On the right of that, and a little nearer, on the summit of the Palatine, a low swell of ground—you see the remains of the Palace of the Caesars, then the Aventine crowned with convents and churches, the Tiber flowing below, and, east of that, the immense remains of the Baths of Caracalla. Then turning west and south, your eye surveys the graceful dome of the Pantheon, and the magnificent masses of the unrivalled Vatican—These, all within the walls of Rome. Then without, you contemplate the wide-spreading Campagna,—the site of Alba Longa, on the Alban Hills, the Sabine Hills, the long ranges of the Apennines, with Tusculum and Tibur, and the ruins of Cicero's and Horace's villas on their slopes,—till the scene is shut in by Monte Mario, a few miles without the gates, and the lofty walls of St. Peter's and the Janiculum. This brief survey of the city from this lofty tower of observation, with your recollections in your head and your maps before you, is itself worth a visit to Europe. Indeed, to pass a morning there, simply studying the relations in respect to position and distance, of places so remarkable in Roman history and poetry, is the best commentary possible upon all you have read or remember, and leaves impressions on the mind that can never be effaced—sheds the light of day upon youthful studies of the Viri Romæ, Virgil, Horace, Livy; converts obscurity and fable into probability and substantial truth, in spite of all the heresies and infidelities of Von Niebuhr."

[OCT. 11, '51]

The following description of Florence may appropriately follow.—

"When I say that the whole outward aspect of Florence is so beautiful, the city and all its environs, almost especially its environs, the only epithet is applied to it by which it can be truly characterized—and in this I believe all would agree. There are other cities, the effect of which strikes deeper, and whose monuments are far more interesting, such as Rome; and, for magnificence and variety of scenery, Naples is unrivaled. All other places must strike one as flat and prosaic by the side of that imperial capital—but, for beauty, there is nothing like Florence. And not only beauty, but extreme beauty—the beauty of a belle, of a belle in a high dress,—whose beauty is universally acknowledged, and universally worshipped. But upon entering the city, (having penetrated the suburbs and passed the gates,) the scene which you had been contemplating, like the shifting of a scene at a theatre, suddenly changes, and the beauty by which you had been enraptured appears no more. The streets, the domestic buildings, the churches, the palaces, are anything but beautiful—peculiar, grand, striking—many, magnificent, but it would be quite an allowable use of language to style them beautiful; and pretty is a word that cannot be used within the walls of Florence. You find yourself walled in as your carriage proceeds and penetrates to the more important parts of the city, between rows of buildings, which, from their great height, and the darkness of the stone of which all is built, and the massive iron gratings which guard all the windows of the lower stories, make one think he must be plunging into the recesses of some boundless prison. All wears a dark, funeral look. The palaces you would take to be inquisitions—the convents and monasteries, to be prisons of state. You feel that you have travelled back to a city of the middle ages, the greater part of which retains all the marks of those ages. The age of centuries is inscribed all over the city as legibly as the wrinkles of eighty or a hundred years upon the countenance of a human being. Of course, as an American who, at home, has seen nothing more venerable than perhaps some moss-covered shingle fabric of fifty or a hundred years' standing, you look upon all with an intense interest. Now and then, a building or a street may present in the comparison a modern aspect. But the prevailing characteristics will be height, massiveness, blackness, age. If you remember Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, as perhaps you should, you will see everywhere the very streets, buildings, palaces, she has so often described. All looks as if designed for attack and defence—as if every house had stood, or might now stand a siege. And the greater part have many a time done so. Guelph and Ghibelin blood, the blood of democrat and aristocrat, of noble and commoner, the blood of civil broil, of domestic feud, of midnight assassination, has flowed in the streets, in the prisons, in the palace chambers. Every street, every building, every apartment, every stone has its history of cruelty and blood, of liberty or tyranny, of heroism or oppression. This is all of the nature of corroborative evidence to those who remember the fierce collisions that occurred in Florence, within the walls of the city, so many times, among the political and personal parties of the middle ages, and their wars with neighbouring states. It is highly instructive to see the histories of those times thus written over again in the aspects and forms of the buildings. You cannot look up to those frowning walls, those iron-barred windows, those windows so small, those gratings so close and so heavy—the long, cark, arched passage-ways winding along from palace to palace, and house to house, without seeing everywhere abundant verification of all you have read—without a sense of having been carried backward in the order of time to the days of Cosmo the First. There are no palaces for a dark and sombre magnificence like these of Florence. If one looked no higher than the ground-floor, he would think much more of a prison than of a palace; but if of a prison, it would be of one for the incarceration of nothing less than princes and kings. But lifting the eye upward, and no one can longer doubt that he is examining the residences of some of the long descended inheritors of the power and wealth of Tuscany. They have about them, in a remarkable degree, an air of nobility. The forms are extremely simple, even to severity; no ornament which seems

to be ornament for its own sake. The architecture, you will observe too, will have all the parts which properly belong to it, but beyond that not a line, not a curve, not a moulding—nothing, beyond the strictest demands of the order; and the order chosen you will find for the most part to be the simplest and severest of all the five, that to which the country has given its name, the Tuscan. I do not believe there is a more impressive building in Europe than the Ricardi Palace in Florence, the ancient residence of the Medicis in the days of the first Cosmo, and Lorenzo. It preaches like a sermon; it harangues like an oration; it inspires like a poem. I came upon it unexpectedly the first day I was in Florence, and as I stood beneath its black walls of chiseled rock, with its massive overhanging cornice, I felt for the first time the power of architecture. And yet palace though it be, it presents but two, sheer, unbroken fronts on the corner of two streets—no projections, no recesses, no towers, pediments, columns, piazzas,—two simple fronts with their magnificent cornice, that is all; but so grand are the proportions of all, as if Michael Angelo had written his name all over it, that, for true sublimity, it far surpasses all other structures there, even the huge Cathedral itself."

Both these passages have been written with an evident view to effect:—and it is not difficult to imagine the lecture-room effervescence which a skilful delivery of them was no doubt intended to occasion.

Mr. Ware says a great deal about the works of art which he saw in Italy,—and in some portions of his book there is a good deal of critical pretension. These are certainly the least entertaining parts of the volume. His strength lies not in refined analysis,—but in rapid sketches of objects or realities which can be seen or considered from some general point of view. For example, the following observations on the magnitude of London are vivid and full of truth.

"Magnitude is the distinguishing characteristic of London, as grandeur of natural position and scenery is that of Naples—beauty, that of Florence—moral interest that of Rome—shops, plate glass, splendour, that of Paris. But in no city does the peculiar characteristic of a place so force itself upon one's notice as in London. There you are reminded of magnitude whichever way you turn. You become presently insensible to the beauty of Florence, to the shops of Paris, to the moral glory of Rome, but you never forget for one single moment how big London is, how multitudinous its population. When you find, after spending your first week, or more than that, in doing nothing else than scouring the capital from end to end, in order to catch some general notion of the place, that you are as much a stranger as when you began your travels,—that though you have gone so far, you have made no progress,—though you have seen so much, you know and can remember nothing,—that the city is still as new and unsouled as ever,—you receive a very lively and even painful impression of its enormous size. Everything else is subordinate to size. Churches are nothing. You pass St. Paul's, and give it only a careless look. Columns and statues, Nelson's and the Duke of York's pillars, even Punch's Duke you overlook. Magnitude alone interests. This not only interests, it astonishes, absorbs, appalls you; annihilates every other feeling. Queen, Lords and Commons, are nothing by the side of this immeasurable vastness. As a stranger this is the first topic of conversation, and its interest never flags. Yet it is not you, after all, who are so much interested by this size, as the Londoner himself, who is proud of it, and forces the subject upon you. His topics are not of art, pictures and statues, books, literature, they are not so much to his taste; but of London, its streets, squares, and parks; its extent, the masses always abroad, the crowds in the streets—the number of miles across it, the number of miles around it, its growth, even at present, like that of New Orleans or San Francisco; the countless omnibuses, the packing and tangling of carriages and other vehicles, fifty times a day, where Great Farringdon Street crosses over to Blackfriars Bridge, and the admirable police for keeping all these masses in order. In the presence of London, it is just as it would be if you should meet a man fifty feet high, and of a weight proportionable. You would be in a state of per-

petual astonishment. You feel, moreover, as if your individuality were swallowed up, lost, in the enormous mass; as, in the system of the Pantheist, souls are in the divine substance. I think that the impression made by magnitude, which is first and deepest, is next succeeded by a part of the same general feeling, the impression made by wealth—by the signs of wealth of the great middle classes. This impression is not less distinct, nor hardly less overwhelming, than that made by size. In other capitals, your admiration is directed to the palaces of some of the nobility, one here, and another there; sometimes to the houses of a few of the commoners, sometimes to a street of palaces, as in Genoa. But in London you see these signs of wealth, not only here and there, but really everywhere—not only in this street and another, but in street after street beyond counting. And in certain parts of the city, the population seems wholly composed of those who dwell in palaces. The rest of mankind have no place provided for them. And one begins to feel as if that were, there at least, the natural state of man, and as if he himself, when he returns home, will find himself lodged in the same way; that you feel particularly in the purloins of Eaton and Belgrave Squares, and anywhere, in short, at the West End. This has the finest feature of grandeur about it imaginable—this indefinite multiplication of splendid residences. There is nothing like it, nothing that approaches it, elsewhere. It makes a deeper impression than either the shops of Regent Street and Piccadilly, the Warehouses on the Docks, the Beer Breweries, or the Shipping on the Thames; and comparisons with other cities in these respects are not to be thought of."

When Mr. Ware reaches London and has had time to wear off a little of his astonishment, he completely changes his character. Instead of the lively and intelligent companion who has been talking to us pleasantly of Italian scenery and cities, we suddenly find ourselves in the hands of a republican zealot, rendered vulgar and unjust by gratuitous excitement. Mr. Ware we believe is a clergyman,—and it requires no testimony of ours to prove that under ordinary circumstances he has the tastes of a scholar and a gentleman. Acquainted with these facts in his favour, we certainly read the concluding pages of his book with concern and astonishment. Surely Mr. Ware can well afford to leave in meaner hands the ignoble task of inflaming political animosities and keeping alive by fresh supplies of rhodomontade and misrepresentation a feeling of hostility between the American and the English people. His profession ought to teach him the iniquity of all such attempts, and his apparent sympathies with what is polished and true should protect him from the low passions of the unscrupulous partisan. Besides, he totally mistakes the sentiments of the English people towards America. He talks of our insolence, our injustice, towards that country—our disdain for its people and its institutions,—our perpetual desire to cast ridicule on everything in the Union. Now, in few words, this is not true. We assert advisedly that Mr. Ware cannot point out any respectable authority in English society or English literature to which during the last dozen years his description will apply.

Mr. Ware's bad taste, illiberality, and injustice towards this country must not prevent us from acknowledging his talents as a writer of agreeable books. If he would give himself time and could lay aside some of his prejudices, he might produce a work that would remain as an abiding ornament of that glorious English literature which not even the illiberality of the most fanatical of Mr. Ware's countrymen can prevent from continuing to be the most solid bond of union between America and these islands.

Criminal Statistics of 1850.

THE Criminal Tables for the past year—which have been recently published—afford pleasing evidence of the diminution of crime:—the number of

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persons committed for trial being 3·7 per cent. under the average of the last ten years. The numbers during this decennial period are represented in the following table:

Years.	Commitments.	Years.	Commitments.
1841	27,750	1846	25,107
1842	31,309	1847	28,833
1843	29,591	1848	30,349
1844	26,542	1849	27,816
1845	24,303	1850	26,813
Total ... 139,505	Total ... 138,918		

The decrease of the commitments in 1850, as referred to locality, has been very general. It extended to 28 of the 40 English counties, and includes all the Midland, Southern and Western counties without exception. The increase has taken place in the Northern counties—in Durham and Northumberland,—in the great manufacturing district, Yorkshire alone excepted,—and in Cheshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Staffordshire. The agricultural counties, with the exception of Essex and Norfolk, show a decrease. In Wales there was an increase:—the commitments in the Principality having for several years shown a tendency to increase.

On a comparison of the offences in which the decrease of last year is most apparent, it appears that they are chiefly those which are prevalent in the rural districts:—as, burglary and house-breaking, sheep stealing, stealing fixtures, and growing trees and plants, arson, maliciously maiming cattle, and offences against the game laws. A division of these crimes into their different classes shows that in the first class, *Offences against the person*, there was a decrease of 38 per cent. last year on the commitments for murder; but when this offence is united with the attempts to murder and maim, the numbers remain stationary. In the second class, comprising *Violent offences against property*, there is a decrease of burglary, house-breaking, and other crimes against dwelling-houses, and an increase of robberies from the person. In the third class, *Simple offences against property*, the chief decrease is under the head of larceny, and it is for that offence 6·4 per cent. There is also a decrease in horse and sheep stealing, stealing fixtures, &c. The chief increase arises in larcenies from the person, larcenies by servants, and embezzlement. The decrease on this class last year was 3·6 per cent. In the fourth class, *Malicious offences against property*, there is a decrease last year of 19 per cent. in the fifth class, *Forgery and offences against the currency*, the commitments remain nearly the same in the last year; but there is an increase of 8 per cent. on extending the comparison to the totals of the last two quinquennial periods. In the sixth class, *Offences against the Game Laws*, there has been a decrease of nearly 15 per cent.

The foregoing analysis refers to the total number of commitments during the past year:—the following table shows the result of the judicial proceedings.

Not prosecuted, and admitted evidence	141
36 bills found against	1,458
No guilty on trial	4,639
Acquitted and discharged	6,238
Appointed on the ground of insanity	26
Found insane	12
Detained in custody	38
Sentenced to death	49
" transportation	2,578
" imprisonment	17,602
" whipping, fine, &c.	307
Pardon without sentence	1
Convicted	20,537
Total committed	26,813

The tendency remarked during the last five years to a decrease in the proportion acquitted is further confirmed by the returns for 1850. In the three years ending with 1845, the proportion was stationary at 28·6 per cent.; for the five years subsequent it has been, in 1846, 27·6 per cent.; in 1847, 25·1 per cent.; in 1848, 24·4 per cent.; in 1849, the same; and in 1850, 23·2 per cent. The proportion in 1850 is comprised of 0·5 per cent. discharged by reason of no prosecution, including those admitted evidence, —5·4 discharged, as bill being found, and 17·3 acquitted and discharged on trial by the Petty Jury. This increase in the proportion convicted, appears coincident with the diminished severity of the punishments

inflicted. Last year, of those convicted, 1 in 419 only had judgment of death passed or recorded against them, and 1 in 79 alone was sentenced to transportation.

Of the 49 persons sentenced to death during the past year only 6 were executed, and these were for murder. The decrease in the number of executions since the beginning of the present century is very remarkable. Taking the five decennial periods from 1800 to 1850, the numbers stand:—802, 897, 636, 250, and 107. The greatest number of executions in any one year, within the above fifty years, was in 1801, —when, suddenly doubling the average of the preceding years, the executions rose to 210. The last execution for a simple offence of theft was in 1834, when a convict was executed for stealing to the value of 5*l.* in a dwelling-house. The last execution for any description of theft was in 1836, when 5 persons were executed for robbery and burglary. Since that year, with the exception of three executions for attempts to murder, the last of which was in 1841, murder has been the only offence for which the punishment of death has been inflicted.

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[Oct. 11, '51]

home:—thus challenging an examination of those instructions,—which have been, very properly, printed with the Arctic papers laid before Parliament.—Now, putting on these orders the construction most favourable to Capt. Austin's views that they will admit,—we can in no way find that his return to England is in accordance with their spirit.—These "instructions" expressly direct Capt. Austin to "renew his search on the return of the open season of 1851."—and he is "to return to England in the autumn of that year unless some trace should be found of the missing Expedition which may lead him to believe that a delay may contribute to their rescue."—We must therefore, of course, arrive at the conclusion, that Capt. Austin holds the unwarranted—and, let us hope, singular—opinion, that the most searching examination of the Arctic seas could not lead to the rescue of Sir John Franklin. Nothing less than such an opinion—how generated for the first time at such a moment we are thankful that we cannot understand—could have justified him—with his ships in excellent condition and half full of provisions, and his officers and men as well in health as when they sailed—in turning homewards at the very time, after years of search, in which they had found the track of the lost ones and open water beyond. The "risk of detention for another winter" is alleged by Capt. Austin as good ground for turning away from the first hopeful oracle that those dreary seas have yielded. Why—provisioned as it was for three years—should the Expedition not have wintered in those seas, that it might have been in the way to seize the earliest favourable accidents of the opening season. It is not, the *Times* has well observed, by sailing up to the ice and then sailing back, that the work which these searching Expeditions have in hand is to be done. Capt. Austin should have gone into the ice now, if possible,—or waited in its neighbourhood till he could.

It is to be observed further, that Capt. Austin's "instructions" specify the searching of Wellington Channel,—within which the traces of the missing Expedition have been found. Now, Capt. Austin and his defenders do, as we have seen, make fast their case to the dry letter of this instruction,—and maintain that this channel has been searched. We affirm—and are backed by the opinion of those with whom the instructions originated—that it was not acting in accordance with their spirit to leave unexamined the continuation of the channel opened out by Capt. Penny—and not thoroughly explored by that officer only because he wanted the means to do so. Will Capt. Austin venture to maintain that if the Admiralty had been aware of the existence of Victoria Channel, they would not have included the duty of its search in his instructions? Capt. Penny's opinion on the subject is expressed in the extreme desire that he manifested to be intrusted with a steamer for the purpose.

It is now endeavoured, however, to be established that Capt. Penny was of opinion that prolonged exertions in that locality are unnecessary. This extraordinary proposition is based on a correspondence of rather a remarkable kind which has been published in connexion with Capt. Austin's report.—It appears that on the 11th of August that officer and Capt. Penny had a long conference on the best means to be taken with respect to the continuation of the search for Sir John Franklin,—during which, Capt. Penny requested Capt. Austin to permit one of the steamers to examine Victoria Channel.—His request was—as we have repeatedly stated—refused: and Capt. Penny returned to his ship, not a little distressed by Capt. Austin's refusal.—While these feelings of disappointment were at their height, Capt. Penny, much to his astonishment, received the following letters from Capt. Austin.—

"Her Majesty's Ship Resolute, off the Winter Quarters of Captain Penny's Expedition, August 11, 1851.

"Sir,—Having this day most unexpectedly reached your winter quarters, and also having had the satisfaction of a personal communication with you, I now beg leave to acquaint you, that having maturely considered the directions and extent of the search (without success) that has been made by the expedition under my charge, and weighed the opinions of the officers when at their extremes, I have

arrived at the conclusion that the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait.

"Under these circumstances, I now await your reply to my letter transmitted herewith, in order that I may make known to you at the earliest moment the plans for the future movements of this expedition.

"I have, &c.

"HORATIO T. AUSTIN, Captain, &c.
"Captain William Penny, Her Majesty's Brig Lady Franklin, and in charge of an expedition searching for the expedition under Sir John Franklin."

"Her Majesty's ship Resolute, off the Winter Quarters of Captain Penny's Expedition, Aug. 11.

"Sir,—Having this day most unexpectedly reached your winter quarters, and also having had the satisfaction of a personal communication with you, I feel it incumbent (previous to making known to you my determination as to the further movements of the expedition under my orders) to request that you will be pleased to acquaint me whether you consider that the search of the Wellington Strait, made by the expedition under your charge, is so far satisfactory as to render a further prosecution in that direction, if practicable.

"I have, &c.

"HORATIO T. AUSTIN, Captain, &c.
To this categorical question Capt. Penny categorically replied.—

"Assistance Bay, Aug. 11.
"Sir,—Your question is easily answered. My opinion is, that Wellington Channel requires no further search; all has been done in the power of man to accomplish, and no trace can be found. What else can be done?

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"WILLIAM PENNY.
"Captain H. T. Austin, C.B., of Her Majesty's expedition in search of Sir John Franklin."

This is precisely the kind of answer which under circumstances of no little provocation might have been expected from Capt. Penny. Aware that Wellington Channel had been thoroughly searched—and that Capt. Austin was also quite aware of it—he expresses his conviction, in terms which clearly betray his irritation, that the channel thus positively put requires no further search. To infer thence that he gave in his adhesion to the abandonment of Victoria Channel as a field of search, in the face of his earnest subsequent pleading with the Admiralty to be sent immediately back into that water, demands an amount of confidence which is something surprising. Had Capt. Penny foreseen the use that would be made of this particular letter, he would doubtless have protected himself by the introduction into it of some hint about Victoria Channel:—but as Capt. Austin was in possession of all his sentiments on the subject, he considered it unnecessary to re-open the painful question in his answer. With a blind indifference, however, to this magnificent north-western route, Capt. Austin acknowledges the receipt of Capt. Penny's letter respecting the search of Wellington Strait,—and adds:—

"I have now to inform you that I do not consider it necessary to prosecute (even if practicable) further search in that direction with the expedition under my orders."

The above correspondence has been published during Capt. Penny's absence from London. We sincerely trust that he will notice it in as public a manner:—and that he will publish another letter from himself to Capt. Austin, forming part of the above correspondence, which has been very improperly suppressed.—Capt. Penny's energy, heroism, and Arctic experience eminently fit him to conduct a steamer to the scene of his discoveries; and we do not hesitate to say that the nation will be disappointed should the Admiralty pass him over in their selection of Arctic officers to command the renewed searching Expeditions next spring.

We cannot close this article without again advertizing to Sir John Ross and his disastrous story. We do so because we observe a very extraordinary statement contained in a letter from Sir John to the Hudson's Bay Company dated July 29, 1851,—which the Company have thought proper to publish. We give it in Sir John Ross's own words.—

"It is my intention, if possible, to make a thorough inquiry into the truth of Adam Beck's report of the ship having been wrecked in the space between Whale Sound and Cape York. This, indeed, may detain me another winter, and with sixteen men I am not very able to cope with a numerous tribe of hostile savages; but I must and will try."

Thus, in July last Sir John Ross is not certain whether Adam Beck's report is true; but in September, having during the interval done nothing whatever to test its truth, he settles the whole question,—by an easier process than that which in-

volved the risk of his "sixteen men" in contact with "a numerous tribe of hostile savages." Sir John Ross writes to the Hudson's Bay Company:—

"Having taken everything into consideration, I am of opinion that the missing ships under the command of Sir John Franklin remained at their winter quarters, Beechey Island, until September 1846; and seeing there could be no possibility of advancing further during that season after which they would have only one year's provisions; that they had, on their attempt to return home round the north and of the pack, been wrecked on the east coast of Baffin's Bay, and, in short, that the report of Adam Beck is in every respect true."

It would be an abuse of our readers' patience to do more than expose Sir John Ross's inconsistencies in his own words. But it is fair to repeat, that the Esquimaux of Wolstenholme Sound or Cape York do not deserve the character which Sir John Ross gives them. All voyagers agree in representing them as weak and inoffensive; and in Capt. Austin's last despatch he tells us, that when off Wolstenholme Sound he was visited by a party of Esquimaux with whom the most friendly relations were maintained during the whole period of their visit. He adds:—"The confidence with which these harmless people approached the vessels and their general manners indicated their having visited the Northern Star, or some other vessel; and their state of health and appearance altogether betokened contentment and comparative comfort."

We expected that the Admiralty would be this have contradicted Adam Beck's report:—but as they have not done so, we must hope that the public will have no difficulty in coming, for themselves, to the conclusion that it is entirely unworthy of belief.

It is satisfactory to know that not a single officer connected with Capt. Austin's expedition places the slightest reliance on Beck's statements.

In case a rumour should reach any of our readers relative to a balloon having been sent to the Admiralty, which has been found at Gloucester, and purports to come from the Erebus,—we think it right so far to notice the circumstance as to give the facts that have come to our knowledge. We recommend them, however, to place no faith in the balloon until the matter shall have been fully investigated by the Admiralty,—who, while we write, are engaged in the inquiry.

It appears, that a small pilot balloon was picked up at Gloucester having a card attached:—and on the card were the words "From the Erebus fr. Sept. 1851." We are not able to give the precise latitude and longitude assigned; but we understand the position indicated to be somewhere to the south-west of Pullen's farthest.

No doubt, many of our readers will find it hard to believe that this can be a hoax, from the difficulty of understanding what kind of persons can possibly occupy themselves with frauds so gratuitous and heartless. Such things are, however, done—incredible as it may seem to honest men; and there are many reasons why for the present this story should be received with great hesitation.

THE GREAT INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

To-DAY the Palace of Industry will close on the general public. At the moment of sun-set, that signal bell which has become familiar to the ears of so many nations will warn the assembled thousands that the hour of final adieus has arrived:—and in a few minutes more the gates of the vast temple will shut for ever—so far as they are concerned, and according to any arrangements yet made, that we are aware of—on a scene which from the beginning of the world has had no rival in material beauty and no equal in moral interest. When men retire this night to sleep, an event which has stirred the sympathies of the world as they have rarely been stirred before, and kept up a sort of breathlessness of the European heart for the long period of upwards of five months, will have become, from the great fact it now is, a part of history,—and be surrendered to the domain of the philosopher, who will speculate on it for all time.

Attractive and absorbing as the whole story of the great experiment has been to us—and our readers know well that from the first suggestion of this Exhibition we strongly felt its material grandeur, its social importance, its edu-

ional capacities, and never for an instant doubted of its success, even in the day when its friends were least sanguine and its enemies most active,—yet we must confess that the spectacle presented in the interior of the edifice, on the once green sward of Hyde Park, and along all the chief roads leading to the four entrance gates, during the week now coming to an end,—each day the wonder growing deeper, the concourse of people larger, the enthusiasm stronger,—has almost thrown the earlier splendours of the Exhibition into shade. The history of the Crystal Palace is almost wholly exceptional. Other Exhibitions decline:—its glories and its attractions but increase with time. "Age cannot wither it nor custom stale its infinite variety." The week opened with a fresh spring-tide of popularity and success. The long expected 100,000 was reached a little after noon,—and before five o'clock the almost incredible number of 108,000, less a mere fraction, had passed the barriers! It will be still remembered how many reputations were staked, in the early summer months, on prophecies of evil if the daily crowd should ever reach 50,000. For a long time—that is, a long time in an existence which knows but a single summer,—60,000 was regarded as the very highest number which could possibly be admitted within the glass walls. A hundred devices were proposed to check the flow of visitors towards Hyde Park in case it should surpass that limit. Drums, guns, flags, telegraphs, messengers, all sorts of machinery were invented, imagined, and proposed for this purpose. But the capacities of the palace seem to have expanded with the demands on its space. That 100,000 persons can find room to circulate in its aisles and galleries is a fact placed beyond the reach of doubt,—as nearly, if not quite, that number has been counted within its marvellous walls at several different times during the past week. Yet we hear of no disasters, and no disorder. These immense crowds meet to inspect the results of labour and genius, and separate without collision or fear of collision. In the apparent absence of all outward and organized means of maintaining public order, there is no movement, no excitement of the people save what is purely pell-mell. Here, the human interests supersede every other. To our foreign visitors this is more novel and more wonderful than our locomotives, self-acting mules, and power-looms; while to ourselves, not unfamiliar with the jealous precautions with which foreign rulers suffer even single travellers to enter their fortified and garrisoned towns, it furnishes cause for deep congratulation. The calm of our people is like the calm of Nature. Not forty years ago a well-known commander declared that no man could answer for the quiet dispersion of a crowd of 50,000 persons,—nor insure their dispersion without a large military force;—and perhaps there is not a capital in Europe but our own in which this is not the received sentiment among statesmen at the present hour. To such cities what lesson is the daily history of the Crystal Palace!

We are not aware that the Royal Commissioners have as yet finally determined whether any striking ceremonial, such as marked the memorable opening of the 1st of May, shall signalize the formal closing of the Exhibition. That event will take place on Wednesday next. On Monday and Tuesday the Exhibitors, as a parting act of grace, will be allowed to visit their collections, each accompanied by two friends. On Wednesday the final act of the great drama will be played out. That day the exhibitors will be admitted to see the closing ceremony, whatever that may be;—and, as we understand, no other parties, except the Royal Commission, the Executive Committee, the members of the Society of Arts, and others having official rights or duties on the spot will be present. A short religious service, we believe, will be performed. We cannot say that such a mode of closing the Crystal Palace is at all satisfactory,—and we sincerely trust that there is yet time, and that there will be found a disposition in high and official places, to prepare a ceremonial more in unison with public feeling and more worthy of the great occasion than such a half private affair as we hear is in contemplation. What is there to prevent a ceremony on that day which art might

illustrate and history record—one equivalent to that of the opening day? The whispered programme of Wednesday seems to us a most lame and impotent conclusion. The popular enthusiasm, as shown in the official lists, demands and deserves to be respected. Should the Exhibition pass away from the public eye less gloriously and auspiciously than it opened, assuredly the fault will not lie with the people. They are anxious to see the great event rounded off grandly, not jagged and broken up. The first day will live for ever green and fresh in the memory of those who witnessed it,—the last should be its fitting pendant. As the excitement of the people subsides to its climax, does the zeal of the Commissioners flag? Without a public celebration of its close, some of the poetry and moral beauty of the Exhibition will be lost. If it was held fitting to open the Great Exhibition with a ceremonial invocation of success,—surely a success that has exceeded the expectations of even the most sanguine deserves a ceremonial acknowledgment. We have not forgotten that a somewhat similar programme was at first proposed for the opening day—a routine affair, without enthusiasm and without significance. The results of a change of that scheme—and the resolution, almost at the last moment, to admit the general public—are known to all the world. To that fortunate resolve much of the popularity that has followed the Exhibition in an ever-deepening tide owes its spring.

Nothing is or can be absolutely determined before Parliament meets as to the fate of the building or the direction of the surplus fund. While debating, as we have reported, various schemes for retaining the one and investing the other, it was suddenly discovered by the Commissioners that the Queen's warrant, under which they have hitherto acted, contained no clause empowering them to deal with the balance;—the idea of a large surplus not having occurred to any mind at the time when the Royal Commission was issued. This difficulty of form will probably cause a final settlement to be postponed for some months;—but in the mean time the public have entered into the discussion of many plans, and several of the more active towns of the north of England have passed resolutions in recommendation of various schemes for the appropriation of the money. Nearly the whole of the suggestions offered had been from time to time made in our own columns as parts of the large and comprehensive scheme which we proposed for the retention of the glass palace. An influential meeting in Sheffield suggests to the Royal Commissioners whether "arts and manufactures might not be much promoted by the establishment of a central college of arts and manufactures in connexion with provincial schools for the same object." The Resolutions go on to say that, in their opinion, "the schools of design might be made the nuclei for this more extended system of education, and that designers themselves would be benefited by being taught the principles of the manufacture for which they are afterwards to design, because by this means they would better understand its wants and the possibilities of manufacturing processes to carry designs into execution. They consider that if these branch institutions and the central college were united into one university of arts and manufactures, empowered to make examinations and grant certificates to those who showed sufficient knowledge, an impulse and position would be given to manufacturing science which could not fail to be of benefit to the progress of industry." It is objected to this idea of founding an industrial college out of the funds of the Exhibition, that the money now in hand has been raised by the payments of visitors from all nations,—and, therefore, that it would be unjust to apply it to purposes tending to improve our own manufacturing arts and furnish us, partly at their expence, with weapons wherewith to beat our neighbours at future exhibitions. We hold this objection to be sound as far as it goes:—but it touches only a portion of the fund now at the disposal of the nation for purposes analogous to those served by the Exhibition. In dealing with the entire sum of their receipts, the finance committee

have first of all to deduct the amount of their expenditure; they will then have in their possession two sums of money, having a widely different origin and character:—on the one side, the 70,000*l.* subscribed by the people of this country as a preliminary fund,—on the other, the balance of the general account as it may chance to stand at the close of the Exhibition between the receipts at the doors and the outlay for all causes. It is well known that the 70,000*l.*, though given by its subscribers absolutely, was considered in the nature of a guarantee or marginal fund in case the expectation of a complete financial success should fail; it is quite clear, therefore, that with regard to so much of the surplus as these figures represent, the money belongs to England morally as well as absolutely—and she may justly use it for any purposes of her own.—The petition of the men of Nottingham expresses a strong desire "that some institution appropriate to the object designed at the commencement of the Exhibition, and worthy of such an origin, may be established with the proceeds of the Exhibition." It continues:—"your memorialists consider that this would best be accomplished by the institution of a college of mechanical and manufacturing science, for the education of artizans of promising talents and acquirements, together with a museum of industry, in which may be preserved specimens of the varied raw materials, machinery and products now so wonderfully adorning the Exhibition building, with such additions as may from time to time be added thereto by grant, donation, purchase, or otherwise." The petitioners add their belief that manifold advantages would flow from such an Industrial College.—"Your memorialists observe the success which has attended the exertions of the artizans and mechanics employed in producing the works exhibited by Great Britain; and considering that they have not had the advantage of a scientific education, similar to that enjoyed by many workmen and employers in some other nations, they are persuaded that, with like advantages, the skill, taste and success of the workpeople of this country would be greatly advanced." These ideas, first suggested in the columns of the *Athenæum*, but in a way that somewhat improved their proportions, are now widely adopted by practical men in the manufacturing districts.—Similar resolutions have been passed and forwarded to Hyde Park from many other towns.

No doubt, the most facile way of dealing with such surplus as we possess would be, to do nothing with it at all. Outlay, of whatever kind, involves a certain amount of care and responsibility; and from the natural inertia of men in office, their love of ease, and a certain desire to avoid the trouble of selecting one out of several proposed plans, there is some fear that after all the money may be thrown into the Exchequer under pretence of funding it for future use. This course would give no one a moment's trouble. It would please everybody—except the public; and in such matters the public is very apt to find itself overlooked or disregarded. But to any such plan there are, in our opinion, serious objections. No one expects to see another display like that now passing away in our day and generation,—and the idea of laying up in the three-per-cent-a-quarter of a million of money for the use of the next age would be Quixotic and absurd. When the proper hour comes to repeat the gathering of nations, the means of doing so will not be withheld. In 1851 an industrial exhibition was in the opinion of many a doubtful speculation,—in 1900, if an exhibition is a necessity of the time, it will be a certain one. The recent trial has proved beyond all doubt that an exhibition on the grandest scale will pay. On the other hand, it should be remembered, that a large sum in the funds would be a continual temptation to weak and vainglorious men to make attempts in improper seasons to rival the *éclat* of the present memorable year.—That the fairy structure this day to be closed should come down, is a fact to which neither we nor the public are reconciled; and should it be thought right to devote a portion of the fund now according to the proverb "burning holes" in the Commissioners' pockets, in the purchase of the Glass Palace, we hold that such would be an expenditure strictly in

[Oct. 11, '51]

the spirit of the clause in the commission which directs it to be applied to purposes "connected with the Great Exhibition." The building which has been found to answer its purpose so well would thus be preserved for future gatherings of the kind,—and many a present use might in the mean time be served in which a large number of the foreign exhibitors would in all probability take their share.

EXPEDITION TO CENTRAL AFRICA.

YOUR readers have already been made acquainted with the death of Mr. Richardson in Bornu;—which melancholy event adds another name to the large number of those who have fallen a sacrifice in the cause of African discovery. His venturing on so gigantic a journey as that which he originated could indeed only be looked at with apprehension by all who knew him personally,—as he was of feeble constitution; though he successfully accomplished his first journey in the northern part of the Sahara, occupying nearly a year, during which he endured considerable hardships and privations, without apparent injury to his health. His death is the more to be deplored by his friends, as he was so near Lake Tsad, the end of his mission,—whence he was to return by the direct road to Tripoli.

As the deceased traveller had little or no part in the scientific interests of the Expedition, these will suffer no interruption from his untimely end! —Drs. Barth and Overweg will continue their journey as before. It is earnestly to be hoped that they will be permitted to bring their perilous undertaking to an end, and have the good fortune to return to Europe with the results of their extensive and important labours.

Full accounts from the two last-named travellers have just arrived in Europe. In these they confirm, your readers know, the tidings of the death of their companion, and report favourably on their own health and progress. Your readers will recollect that Dr. Barth had arrived at Kano in February. At this place he remained during that month and the early part of March; and then Dr. Overweg not having yet rejoined him, he set out for Kuka,—which place he reached, as you know, on the 2nd of April. On his arrival he presented himself at the Sheikh's palace as one of the surviving Christians who had come from England to bring him presents from Her British Majesty. Mr. Richardson had died so suddenly that he was unable to leave, in his capacity as head of the Expedition and official representative of the English Government, any directions as to the course to be pursued generally; and his interpreter and servants had deposited everything belonging to him with the Vizier of Bornu. Dr. Barth was received with great kindness and hospitality by the Sultan. The happiness which he felt in receiving letters and hearing from Europe after a lapse of nearly nine months, he says he was unable to describe.

While awaiting the arrival of Dr. Overweg, Dr. Barth made preparations for the exploration of Lake Tsad, and collected information respecting every quarter of Central Africa, with the zeal and indefatigability which distinguish this enthusiastic traveller,—though the state of scanty provision and disorganization in which he found the whole Expedition on his arrival at Kuka were sufficient to have discouraged the most energetic. The Vizier of Bornu lent him 100 dollars; with which he was enabled to pay part of the salary due to Mr. Richardson's servants.

On the 7th of April a courier from Zinder arrived at Kuka with the news that Dr. Overweg had just returned to the former place, and intended to proceed to Kuka, either direct or by the way of Kano. He had sent on his effects,—believing Dr. Barth to be still there. Should he have been obliged to go by Kano, let us hope that he will have rejoined his companion in safety;—but since Dr. Barth left that place—the way from thence has become very unsafe,—several caravans of considerable size having been plundered in his rear and the guides killed or wounded.

On the 23rd of April, Dr. Overweg not having arrived, Dr. Barth started on an excursion along Lake Tsad, as far as Angornu. During two days

he was half the time in the water,—sometimes up to his horse's back. He visited in that region all the *Buddūmas*; a people who live on what by Denham were described as small islands within the lake,—but which turn out to be extensive meadow-lands, the superficial extent of which is much greater than that of the lake itself. This latter is described by Dr. Barth as an immense marsh; of which the only portion fit for navigation is a deep channel formed by the River Shary, which pours immense volumes of water into it.

Dr. Barth has sent a Vocabulary of the *Buddūmas* to the Chevalier Bunsen; which it is presumed will prove of great interest, as being that of a nation that has preserved its independence from the remotest period.

Dr. Barth has also sent home at various times a great number of highly important itineraries, of which the following, with many others, will—it is to be hoped shortly—be published in the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.—

Itineraries sent by Dr. Barth to A. Petermann.—

1. From Kano to Toto, by Zaria; direction S.W. and S., 23 days' journey. [This connects itself with points visited by Clapperton and Lander.]
2. From Sakatu to Gonja; direction S.W., 39 days' journey. [This itinerary crosses the River Niger and Duncan's route to Adafudia.]
3. From Karank Baghrimi—the capital of the kingdom of the Baghrimis—to Bang-bay; direction nearly S., 33 days' journey. [This route, which passes into the very heart of Central Africa, is of the highest interest; it extends unquestionably into part of the upper basin of the Nile. In it mention is made of several considerable lakes and of a large river flowing eastwards. Dr. Barth has also been able to send a short Vocabulary of the Bang-bay language, obtained from no less a personage than a son of His Majesty the King of Bang-bay.]

Dr. Barth's very valuable report on the kingdom of Aghades, to which I alluded on a former occasion [see *ante*, p. 833], has been communicated by Lord Palmerston, through the Chevalier Bunsen, to the Royal Geographical Society.

The following are extracts from a letter written by Dr. Overweg to his sister:—

"Zinder, April 10, 1851.

"My journey in Haussa, which I commenced three months ago, is now at an end,—and I am just on the point of starting from here to the capital of Bornu. We parted at Damergu, Richardson going towards Kuka, Barth to Kano, and myself to Mariadi and Gober. On my return to this place I have heard the melancholy news of Richardson's death.—I spent two months in Mariadi and Gober; where I was most kindly received, and as the guest of the Sultan, passed my time very pleasantly. The temperature during February and March was refreshing. All day long I was out on hunting excursions with the natives; besides which, my fare was good, so that I enjoyed the best health.—You are aware that the whole Sudan, and indeed all Northern Africa, is inhabited by Mohammedans, with the exception of a few spots where heathenism is still found. Of these few spots Mariadi is one. It was the Pagans of Mariadi who thirty years ago threw off the yoke of the Fellânis, which during fifty years had been a burden to the Negroes,—and who elected the Mohammedan Sultan of Katchnu after he had been driven away from that place. It was therefore highly interesting to me to live among these Negroes, who retain their African character unimpaired by any Arabic influence. As a visitor from the far distant country of the Christians, I was received with the utmost kindness by the Sultan and the inhabitants; and as I was able to converse with them in their own language, I became well acquainted with their manners and customs, and could in return give them some idea of those of the Christians. They seemed to understand everything, and were full of admiration at the many beautiful things and conveniences enjoyed by us. One thing alone they could not comprehend,—namely, that a man should have only one wife. Here in Mariadi, as soon as a man is able to earn anything, and after he has bought no more than the most simple dress, he lays out all the rest of his fortune in the purchase of wives. If any one wishes to marry, he merely

gives from four to eight dollars, or from two to four heads of cattle, to the parents of his intended, and the marriage is concluded. The man continues these purchases according to the scale of his earnings, but in every house there are several wives.—The white colour of my skin was an object of horror and aversion;—the children at first running away crying and in great fright as soon as I appeared at a distance. As a doctor, especially for diseases of the eye, I was much consulted;—every morning the place before my residence being filled with applicants."

AUGUSTUS PETERMANN.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

New College, St. John's Wood, was opened on Wednesday for the admission of students and for the academical work of the institution. The building, now that it is finished, is one of the most complete and beautiful of its kind in the metropolis. It is well situated on an eminence between the Finchley Road and Bell-size Lane. The architecture is of the Tudor style, and the edifice is built of Bath stone. It comprises ten lecture-rooms, a library, a museum, a laboratory and a residence for the Principal. The frontage extends about 250 feet in length; having a tower in the centre, under which is the chief entrance. The whole of the interior dressings are of Caen stone,—and the joiner's work and fittings throughout are of oak. The ceilings are of wrought wood-work:—those of the museum and library highly ornamental. The windows of the library and tower are very elaborate and beautiful specimens of the style of architecture. The whole building is highly creditable to the architect, Mr. Gunnell. It has been erected by the Independent Dissenters for the education of their ministers,—and its classes will be accessible to all. The following professors have been appointed:—The Rev. Dr. Harris, Principal and professor of Theology,—Dr. William Smith, professor of Classical Literature,—Mr. Philip Smith, professor of Mathematics,—Mr. Godwin, professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy,—Dr. Lankester, professor of Natural History,—Mr. Nenner, professor of Hebrew and Oriental literature.

It is said that the recent discoveries of Colonel Rawlinson in relation to the inscriptions on the Assyrian sculptures have awakened the Government to the great historical value of those monuments,—and that a sum of £5,000. has been placed at his disposal to assist towards the prosecution of excavations and inquiries in Assyria. Col. Rawlinson will, it is understood, proceed immediately to Bagdad; and from thence direct his explorations towards any quarter which may appear to him likely to yield important results. The sum advanced by Government is not a large one,—not likely to carry labours of the kind to any great extent; but as it recognizes the importance of these researches, it may be presumed that further advances will not be wanting should Col. Rawlinson's immediate proceedings exhibit proof that they can be profitably expended.

There are probably few of our readers who have not at one time or another made personal acquaintance with the gloom which haunts the mysterious passages and staircases of a London printing-office, rendering their exploration by unaccustomed feet a perilous enterprise,—and giving a sort of propriety to the title commonly bestowed on a class of small officials who issue on their errands of propaganda from out its darkness. Those who have had no such experience would doubtless be greatly surprised to see out of what dark places the intellectual illumination of the world comes. As it is the habit of the *Athenæum* to share all its lights with its readers, we think it may be not a little useful to some of them, who may be in the same gloomy predicament which the printer appears to have hitherto so much affected, if we call their attention to a simple but ingenious contrivance by which light may be let into their dark places,—the shadows being positively conjured away. This is to be effected not by the introduction of artificial light,—but by the arbitrary distribution of the natural lights which they have. As surely as the "bull's eye" of the policeman may be turned on any object he pleases, so may the stray ray that falls through any window in their corners or crevices

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in their roofs be caught in its passage and compelled to do service in what direction they will. Day-light may be "turned on" in their cellars, as water may. Sun-light may be carried about from one place to another, as a candle might. The ray may be drawn from Heaven as the electric fluid is, and conducted into any corner whose darkness demands it. In our own offices, we write by white light in recesses where of old we used yellow,—and glace up passages in the day-beam of which we had hitherto no visual knowledge but what gave us. This is a method of economizing our sky-lights which might have ingeniously baffled that minister of financial ingenuity the window-tax gatherer.—The mode is quite simple by which the beam is imprisoned wherever we can catch it and let out wherever we please. Under the title of the "Diurnal Reflector," a French optician, M. Troupeau, has taken out a patent for a plate of tin silvered over so as to have a highly reflective power. This plate is placed beneath any sky-light or window so as to receive on its face the natural light, and at such angles as will project that light forward into any particular corner or passage that may need it. The light thus obtained is, of course, not of that dazzling character which might be dangerous to tender eyes,—but it will be found to serve for many useful purposes.

London might take a useful hint from the electrical clocks of Berlin. This new invention has given us a clock which, at the same time that it is simple, inexpensive, and readily repaired when out of order, is easily adapted for the conveyance of all sorts of useful signals. For example—it is used in that city as a messenger in case of fire. The communicating wires have been recently completed,—and it is now possible to announce the outbreak of fire in any part of the Prussian capital at every engine station within the walls in a few seconds. The watcher observes the red flame rising against the dark sky. In an instant his hand is on the wires, the message speeds along the electric line, the danger is made known to the proper officers, and in a few minutes all the means of resisting a conflagration at the disposal of a great capital can be brought efficiently to bear on the menaced point. Compare this with our own slow and cumbrous mode! A fire breaks out. No one is on the watch in any central position to give notice. It is discovered as it may chance. When the discovery is made, it is no body's express duty to run to the fire station. The police, needed to maintain order and protect property on the spot, are content to make a signal of distress which is rarely heard in the next street. The firemen have to trust to casual information, not only as to the fact of the accident, but as to its exact locality. Through all this improvidence delay is caused, the fire gains head, fears are wantonly created, and property is unnecessarily destroyed. The introduction of electrical clocks and a system of local telegraphs would tend very much to diminish the loss, the fear, and the excitement consequent on this to some extent unavoidable incident of great cities.

When, says the *Journal des Débats*, the celebrated astronomer Lalande died, nearly fifty years ago, his manuscripts were divided amongst his heirs,—a partition which was agreeable to law, but very injurious to science. M. Lefrançois de Lalande, a staff officer, impressed with the importance of re-collecting these papers, has, after much trouble, succeeded in getting together the astronomical memoranda of his ancestor to the extent of not less than thirty-six volumes. These he presented to M. Arago; and the latter, to obviate the chances of a future similar dispersion, has made a gift of them to the library of the Paris Observatory.

The Stockholm papers announce the death, in his seventy-first year, of Dr. Thomas Wingard, Archbishop of Upsal and Primate of the Kingdom of Sweden. Dr. Wingard had long occupied the chair of Sacred Philology at the University of Lund. He has left to the University of Upsal his library, consisting of upwards of 34,000 volumes—and his rich collections of coins and medals, and of Scandinavian antiquities. This is the fourth library bequeathed to the University of

Upsal within the space of a year,—adding to its book-shelves no fewer than 115,000 volumes. The entire number of volumes possessed by the University is now said to be 288,000,—11,000 of these being in manuscript.

We observe with interest every extension of the telegraphic system, and record it as one of those movements of science which, whatever may be their motive, must in the end produce results favourable to progress and civilization. Already we have chronicled the completion of the line from Ostend to Trieste,—a line of more than 2,000 miles, crossing rivers, wastes, lakes, and alps in its way, and, we believe, only twice interrupted—by the Rhine at Cologne, and by the Elbe at Dresden—in the whole distance. The foreign journals now inform us that the system is spreading rapidly in the East of Europe. By the close of this year there will be three great lines of telegraph in operation in the interior of Hungary:—one from Pest to Szolnok, along the new railway,—one from Czegold to Szegedin,—the third from Czongrad to Arad. These wires will connect together more than twenty towns of more or less manufacturing importance. The Turkish Government, we learn, has determined to introduce the telegraphic system into that country; and parties are now engaged by it in making the necessary inquiries as to routes, expenses, difficulties and so forth.—The electric wire becomes every day a more absolute social necessity in Europe.

We find in the current number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* a new illustration of the obstacles which beset the path of the historical and literary inquirer in our public offices. Most readers are aware that one of the minor problems of our revolutionary history has been, —Who was Sir Miles Hobart, the hero of the lock and key in the famous Remonstrance scene in the House of Commons, March 2, 1628-9, when Eliot made the magnificent speech which sent him to the Tower the first day?—perhaps the first act of the civil troubles? Mr. Sylvanus Urban undertook to resolve this problem; and the course of his inquiry led him to Doctors Commons, where he wished to compare the dates of certain letters of administration granted to Sir Miles. "Having paid the customary shilling," says the writer in question, "we turned to the calendar." After some search in a very imperfect index—he goes on to say—"we found a reference to one which related to 'Miles Hobart,' not 'Sir Miles Hobart.' We pointed out the circumstance to the attendant, but, as usual, the attendant could say nothing—do nothing in the matter. He was not responsible for the calendar. Concluding that this entry referred to the administration of the 26th of June, we requested to see it, supposing that the calendar had omitted the customary designation of knighthood. That turned out to be the fact; but the administration alluded to was not the grant of the 26th of June, 1632, but one granted on the 11th of June, 1633. It was not, therefore, the one which we wanted, and if the catalogue had stated its date we should not have referred to it." It had to be paid for, nevertheless! The inquirer proceeds,—"In the margin of the minute of this grant was a reference to another grant, which the attendant turned to, but still that was not the one we wanted. Again we searched the calendar,—and found a reference to another grant which was entered as relating to 'Sir Miles Hobart.' That was turned to,—it was the one we wanted. The book was laid open before us, but we were told that we could not consult it without the payment of another fee of one shilling. Why so? We were reminded that we had seen two grants already, and informed that an extra fee was payable on the sight of every third. But those who we have seen already, we remarked, have been referred to by mistake. 'Undoubtedly,' was the answer; 'if you had found what you wanted you would not desire to look further; but such mistakes take up our time, and give us trouble. If you were searching in the name of Smith, our whole time might be occupied in turning from grant to grant before we found the right one.'—That would be the consequence of your calendars not being properly framed. The mistake, in this

instance, is not ours but yours. If your calendar had stated the dates of the grants we have seen, we should not have referred to them. Do you make inquirers pay for that which is the consequence of your calendar being imperfect?" The protest was useless. In vain the inquirer declared that he had no personal interest in the search—that his only motive was a regard for historical truth. The officer understood no rule but the rule of three:—"a shilling for every third." So Sylvanus paid the money, and opened the document. It created a further cause of inquiry. "It clearly refers to Mr. Miles, the member for Great Marlow, and yet it stands dated 'vesimmo sexto Junii, 1632,' three days before his death." The obvious course was to pursue the threads of positive evidence thus gained; but on asking if there were any papers in the office by which the accuracy of the date could be tested, several of the officers, all of whom are described as "very obliging," seemed to think there were not; one, however, gave reasons for thinking that there must be, but there would be a fee of "half-a-crown for a search of them." This, with all the attendant uncertainties, and possibly further contingent fees if the papers were found, and all to enable him to clear up what was apparently a mistake in their own books, was too much even for a zealous genealogist; and the inquirer went away in disgust, leaving his solution of the old problem less complete than it might have otherwise been.—Surely this is an office calling loudly for the reformer. Literature has obtained concessions from the Master of the Rolls,—the time has come for it to assert its rights in the Prerogative Court. We are glad to see our contemporary exposing these abuses.

ENGLISH ART.—SKETCHES and DRAWINGS at the GALLERY of the OLD WATER COLOUR SOCIETY, 5, Pall Mall, comprising, amongst other important works, CHOICE SPECIMENS by Turner, R.A., Mulready, R.A., Roberts, R.A., Stanfield, R.A., Webster, R.A., Landseer, R.A., Hart, R.A., Creswick, R.A., John Martin, K.L., Copier, Fielding, Cattermole, John Lewis, R.A., Ward, R.A., Eg, R.A., Leitch, Topham, Hunt, Holland, Landseer, Duncan, Douglas, Gossall, &c. Open daily from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s. SAMUEL STEPNEY, Sec. GALLERY, 5, Pall Mall East.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—The DIORAMA of the OVERLAND MAIL to INDIA, showing Scramblen, and the scenes of the great Taif, Mecca, Cairo, Suez, the Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, and the magnificent Mausoleum. The TA MEHAL, the exterior by moonlight, the beautiful gateway, and gorgeous interior, exhibited daily, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock (immediately preceded by the CRYSTAL PALACE as a WINTER GARDEN).—Admission, 1s. 2s. 6d. and 3s.

THE GREAT DIORAMA of JERUSALEM and the HOLY LAND, ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER, by Messrs. Bartlett and Beverly.—An entire section of this grand SERIES of PICTURES is devoted to the Holy City, including the Temple, the Antonia, the Mount of Olives, the Valley of Jehoshaphat, Pool of Siloam, Mount Zion, Site of Solomon's Temple, Jews' Place of Assembly, and the great Wall of Jerusalem, and accompanied by GRAND SACRED VOCAL MUSIC, DAILY, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s. Stalls, 2s. ed.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—All the MOST INTERESTING DEPOSITS at the GREAT EXHIBITION will, in turn, be LECTURED ON at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The PRESENT LECTURES are by H. Pepper, Esq., on the 14th, 15th, and 16th instants, including BEAUTY, ANY MOUNT OF OLIVES, GARDEN of GETHSEMANE, VALLEY of JEHOASHAPHAT, POOL of SILEOAM, MOUNT ZION, SITE of SOLOMON'S TEMPLE, JEWS' PLACE of ASSEMBLY, and the great Wall of JERUSALEM, and accompanied by GRAND SACRED VOCAL MUSIC, DAILY, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s. Reserved Seats, 2s. Stalls, 2s. ed.

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MESSIEURS LES EXPOSANTS ÉTRANGERS AU PALAIS DE CRYSTAL.

Londres.—Les Directeurs de l'Institution Royale Polytechnique proposent d'offrir à Messieurs les Exposants qui ont envoyé leurs Produits à l'Exposition Universelle, une place dans les Salles de leur établissement, sans que ces Exposants aient à déboursé d'autres frais que ceux de transport et d'installation.

L'Institution Polytechnique, fondée en 1833 avec autorisation Royal, a été créée pour l'enseignement des sciences et de l'industrie au Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers de Paris. Elle se recommande au Public, tant par les règlements qui la régissent, que par le concours d'hommes spéciaux qui tous les jours y démontrent devant un auditoire nombreux, les principes et les avantages de toutes les découvertes utiles, ainsi que les perfectionnements qui y sont apportés.

A moyen de cette Exposition gratuite que les Directeurs de l'établissement mettent ainsi à leur disposition, et dont ils faciliteront les résultats de tout leur pouvoir, Messieurs les Exposants pourront faire connaître leurs produits et leurs méthodes de fabrication aux objets exposés, et le Secrétaire fera part aux Exposants des offres qui pourront être faites pour leur achat pendant le temps qu'ils resteront à l'Institution.

Pour les Directeurs, le Secrétaire, ROBERT L. LONGBOTTOM.

[Oct. 11, '51]

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

BOTANICAL.—*Sept. 5.*—J. D. Salmon, Esq. in the chair.—Sir C. Lindsay, Mr. Keys, Mr. Baker, Mr. T. Cooke, Mrs. James, Mrs. Morgan, and Mr. Wing were elected members.—Mr. G. E. Denner exhibited specimens of *Leersia oryzoides* collected by him in August last at Brookham Bridge, Surrey. Mr. Denner stated that he had dried numerous specimens of this rare grass for distribution amongst the members.—The continuation of Mr. D. Stock's paper 'On the Botany of Bungay, Suffolk,' was read.

Oct. 3.—J. Reynolds, Esq. in the chair.—The Curator reported that a large collection of duplicates of European plants, mostly those not found in Britain, had been labelled for the Society by Mr. H. C. Watson.—Lists of the species (amounting to nearly a thousand) and including many of the rarer Arctic and South European plants will be sent to the members who desire foreign specimens.—A specimen of *Graminea suaveolens* (Schult.) was exhibited, discovered in August last by Mr. E. G. Varenne, parasitic on lucerne, at Witham in Essex.—The conclusion of Mr. D. Stock's paper 'On the Botany of Bungay, Suffolk,' was read.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—*Oct. 6.*—J. O. Westwood, Esq. President, in the chair.—J. Curtis, Esq. and Capt. H. C. Lodder were elected members.—Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a fine series of the hitherto very rare *Heliophobus hispida*, taken sitting on rocks in the Isle of Portland, between the 20th and 27th September; *Aporophila australis* from the same locality; *Eupithecia ultimaria* (Dupa.) a new British species taken at Dover in the middle of September; a specimen of *Deiopeia pulchella*, taken in Somersetshire in 1847, and a specimen of *Claviger forelockatus*, taken near Dorking in September.—Mr. Edwin Shepherd exhibited a new species of *Peronea*, bred from larvae found on *Spirea ulmaria*.—Mr. Weir exhibited a specimen of *Gelechia lentiginosella*, reared from a caterpillar which fed on *Genista tinctoria*.—Mr. W. Thomson sent for exhibition a box of Coleoptera collected at Morocco by Mr. Drummond Hay, containing, among other interesting insects, a specimen of the British species *Nebria complanata*.—Mr. Janson exhibited a box of fine Coleoptera from the Himalaya.—Mr. Stainton exhibited a new species of Lithocolletes allied to *Frölichella*.—Mr. A. White made some observations on Albin's 'History of British Spiders,' and remarked that many of the descriptions in it were copied verbatim from Dandridge's Manuscripts, and without acknowledgment, whereby Dandridge had been deprived of the entomological reputation to which he was justly entitled.—Mr. White observed that Mr. Blackwall was now engaged in writing a volume of descriptions of British Spiders for the Ray Society, and would be glad of any assistance from collectors who would take the trouble to secure spiders they might meet with.—Some remarks by Mr. H. W. Newman upon the habits of the humble-bees were read,—and Mr. Smith made a few observations on the same subject.—Mr. Stainton read a translation of a paper by Prof. Siebold on the habits of the Psychidie.

FINE ARTS

Souvenir of the Emperor Napoleon: consisting of six drawings made in the Island of St. Helena, representing the various spots rendered generally interesting from their association with the History of Napoleon. Drawn from Nature. By Lieut. F. R. Stack.

As a specimen of lithography this book is really superb. The views, drawn on the spot by Lieut. Stack, comprise—'The Briars,' where the banished Emperor resided during the two months immediately succeeding his arrival in the island,—the old house at Longwood, in which he passed the remainder of his chequered life,—the interior of the room, in the same mansion, in which he breathed his last,—the new and much superior house at

Longwood built for his residence by the English Government, but which it was not his fortune to live and enjoy,—Plantation House, the residence of Sir Hudson Lowe, and which has only this incidental connexion with the Emperor that he sought in vain to obtain it as a residence in exchange for the gloomy place at Longwood,—and the tomb, as it appears since it was rifled of its former contents.

Mrs. Ward, the writer of the letter-press illustrations, and herself an old resident for years in the island, testifies to the "perfectly truthful character of the drawings":—as to their artistic merits, their historic interest, their grace and beauty as mere scenes,—we can ourselves pronounce in their favour. These sketches should become the companion and complement to all histories of Napoleon, and particularly to all records of his life and death at St. Helena. They paint eloquently the dreary loneliness of the imperial and imperious captive in his rocky isle,—the meanness of the accommodation provided in his old age for this former dweller in palaces and maker of kings. In these plates we see at the outset, in the miserable home assigned to him, the operation of that spirit of petty parsimony—disgraceful to any nation, and more than commonly so to a wealthy country like ours in a case so curiously exceptional,—which characterized the entire treatment of the great exile: reducing, as Byron has it,

The querler of the nations
To daily squabbles o'er disputed ratios.

Of the views here given, though, with the exception perhaps of the governor's house, they all contain elements of curious and absorbing interest,—an interest which must grow with time and new events, becoming as the ages roll on half mythical, half historical,—the most beautiful as pictures and the most attractive as localities are in our judgment the first plate and the last—'The Briars' and the 'Tomb.' How suggestive of sinister and melancholy thoughts are the very names of places identified with Napoleon on the island! His first lodging was in 'The Briars'—the windows of his after-residence looked out into Deadwood! The house called by the ominous name of 'The Briars' stands, as we here see, in a picturesque and sombre valley; and near it, on a rising ground, is the pretty pavilion where he first took up his abode, with his secretary Las Casas, and in which he commenced his memoirs. The now empty grave lies in a valley, dark and lonely, but rich with the exuberant vegetation of a tropical clime. The cool willows and the still cooler fountain—now so famous in story—had made this spot a favourite with the emperor; and in utter hopelessness of finding a place of repose "on the banks of the Seine among the French whom he loved so well," he desired to be buried there, in the shade which he had also loved well in his latter days. By one of those coincidences which superstition is apt to connect with more mortal agencies—one of the three beautiful willows under which he had so often pondered and reposed was blown down on the night of his death. The other two have been broken and carried off by a host of travellers, until one bare and rugged stump alone remains to mark the spot—a characteristic feature in the scene—the dead willow watching by the empty grave!

We must not close our notice of this volume without saying that Mrs. Ward has done her part in the letter-press with feeling, taste and judgment.

The common error in such cases is, to describe the plates instead of illustrating them. Mrs. Ward does not make a parade of telling the reader that he can see for himself in the drawings. The lithographs have been most ably executed by Mr. Charles Hagedorn. Altogether this *Souvenir* is one which should be welcome to a large class of readers, not only English but European. There is no country in Europe, from the Ural Mountains to the hills of Granada, from the Gulf of Finland to the Straits of Messina—in the history of which the Exile of St. Helena does not form a prominent figure. Wherever there are readers there must be an interest, more or less personal and profound, in the scenes here depicted with rare fidelity and skill. The work is, almost as a matter of course, dedicated to Louis Napoleon:—

to the countrymen of the Emperor its attraction will doubtless be very great.

PICTURES BY THE LIVING PAINTERS OF THE SCHOOLS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

THE collection exhibiting at Lichfield House, in St. James's Square, has been so slow in its formation, and has continued month after month to be an inadequate fulfilment of the good intentions of those who planned it,—that we have all along felt that a notice of its contents would be unfair at once to those projectors themselves and to the foreign schools which this assemblage assumed to represent. That a more adequate expression of Continental Art would gradually accumulate as the scheme became more extensively known abroad, we have from week to week continued to expect. Now that a considerable number of accessions have swelled the collection, and that perhaps little more is to be expected towards raising its character to the point at which it would have been pleasant to deal with it,—although we are given to understand that it is proposed to keep the Exhibition open for another year,—we are probably justified in taking it as we find it for a few words of remark. In doing this, however, we must regard the collection as one of individuals,—not of schools. It amounts in this month of October to 517 works; and in no respect can they be considered as presenting anything like an average representation of the powers or characteristics of the various countries of Europe from which they come. We repeat that the idea was a good one which sought thus to supply the want occasioned by the prohibition of pictures in the Crystal Palace. The wish to bring together elsewhere the works of the principal living artists of Europe in the way of comparison and honourable rivalry, when all the rest of the world were contending in the spirit of friends, deserved a far more hearty co-operation and ample realization than it has here found.

To show how entirely the project may be said to have failed, we may mention that in the French department, for instance, of this collection there are no works by Horace Vernet, Ary Scheffer, or Delaroche. Turning to other countries,—we have nothing by Lessing, Bendemann, Schadow, Schnorr, Veit, Overbeck, Hess, Cornelius, Kaulbach, and a host of other celebrities, continental or English.

In the collection as it stands, a careful comparison of the merits of foreign painters with those of artists of like standing in our own school will not be to the disparagement of the latter. The Historical contributions from abroad are not distinguished by either elevation of conception or power in the designation of form. The Poetical treatments seldom exceed scholastic arrangements of the academic pose. The Fancy Portraiture, though more careful in its drawing, is less effective in its making up than our own. The *Genre* school exhibits less self-reliance than ours, and more recurrence to individual type. The Marine department demands the like remark: and the Landscape is far below mediocrity,—ignoring in the larger number of cases any attempt at botanical or geological truth. The lower walks of Still-life and Flowers are insignificant,—and in the representation of inferior animals there is little to advert to that is creditable.

In the class of History, the most pretentious work is a large picture of *The Death of Nelson* (No. 32), by Ernest Slingeneyer, of Brussels. Deficient in propriety of action, in refinement, in the individualities which portraiture could have supplied and the subject demanded,—wanting in episodical touches, yet abounding in such sickening details as are familiar to the surgeon,—we are somewhat surprised to hear of its being considered worthy of a public subscription and a place in the national repository of naval achievements. If a large space of valuable wall at Greenwich shall be ultimately ceded to this huge canvas, it will there have to undergo most unfavourable comparisons; contrasted as it will be with Arthur Devis's well-known scene in the cockpit of the same vessel,—a picture remarkable alike for its truth to nature, its artistic beauty, and its touching sentiment.—A better

picture Flight Family across a movement could ever be seen by same sc Wapper of Boccaccio Naples sentiment forms of the w has perfect ceded it seen the touched. Gardner will not or truth rather the the reconciled end of the eschewing M. Simon by the B however, are annual Art instit The Lo is a pres Mogford. very agree in Adulter the picture Alfred sh here.—M. Onewell with a sun paraded his fulness w A wild animals is Christians an attempt that were sign of from the former —For va truthful work her attempt before disquiet parts of t at such i 1848 above this work inspection. The lar Desert (29) before the Hermitage have qual day of S thinking is neither which the kindled in Mr. H. Peale pa limit that distinguise ter, his rendered, rather than tactic paine and of Mississ (32) is no excellence defec

picture of the Belgian school is M. A. Chauvin's *Flight into Egypt* (30) :—representing the Holy Family, in its terror, conducted by a native Arab across a river. The painter has in his novel treatment of the incident omitted no circumstance that could enhance its interest or interpret true expression by appropriate and winning gesture.—Of the same school, there are three pictures by Baron Wappers. The best of these is, the larger picture of *Boccaccio reading his Tales to Queen Jeanne of Naples and the Princess Mary* (344). The prevailing sentiment of this picture is just such as might have been supposed to inspire the voluptuous forms of the glowing south at the recital of some of the warmer pages of the poet. The painter has perfected the sensuousness of form, to the extent of prurience. He has, however, succeeded in realizing much of the fervidness of a scene that had better have been left altogether untouched.—A small and less pretending picture *Gisbrie de Brabant* (163), by the same hand, will not be accepted as any high evidence of power or truthfulness. It is a tasteful arrangement rather than a successful realization. So much conventionalism is mixed up with it as to compel the recollection of what the Pompeo Battoni's and their school did in Italy to degrade Art at the end of the last century.—A single figure of a couching boy, *Louis XVII. when apprenticed to M. Simon the Shoemaker* (286) is a careful study, by the Baron, of the youthful prince :—certainly, however, not beyond the average of such studies as are annually contributed to some of our minor Art institutions by some of our younger hands.

The Loves of the Angels (57) will be remembered as a previously exhibited work by Mr. Thomas Mogford. It is full of fancy and of passages of very agreeable colour. M. Signol's *Woman taken in Adultery* (63) is, we believe, a variation from the picture that was engraved.—Mr. Cave Thomas's *Ayred sharing his Loaf with the Pilgrim* (99) is poor.—M. Delaroche's repetition—if not copy—of Grouelle's *viewing Charles I. in his Coffin* (102) deals with a subject which has surely been often enough passed before the public. It is repulsive from theibus with which every detail of horror is dwelt on. Its very truthfulness excites our distaste.

A wild and savage combination of figures and animals is M. Félix Leullier's picture of *The early Christians devoured by wild Beasts* (179). This is an attempt to realize one of those brutal scenes that were enacted in the Coliseum during the reign of Domitian. The work interests more from the address with which the artist has grouped the forms than from any excellence of handicraft.—For variety of character, impassioned gesture, truthfulness of perspective, and spirit, there is no work here to surpass M. Hasencler's *Deputation before the Magistrates* (240). It is more eloquent than dozens of newspaper and other reports of the tumult and excitement that prevail at such insurrectionary movements as the year 1848 abounded in. For successiveness of result, this work may be honestly recommended to close inspection.

The large picture of *St. John preaching in the Desert* (290), by M. Haberzettl, is here once more before the public. Neither the pictures at the Hermitage nor the opportunities of foreign travel have qualified this member of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg for great things. Sterility of thinking betridges his work,—the attitudes are hideous,—the physiognomies are vacant,—and there is neither the active nor the passive enthusiasm which the discourse of the preacher should have kindled in the various conditions of age and of sex.

Mr. H. Stanley's study of *Fra Beato Angelico da Fiesole painting in the Convent* (331) does not exhibit that solemnity and repose which were the distinguishing features of the old painter's character, or his art. The excitement of attitude is here rendered,—and the action bespeaks a *tour de force* rather than the quiet and *savoir touch* of the master painter.—A work that has cost so much time and trouble as M. A. N. Perignon's *Taking of Misilonghi and Heroic Defence of the Inhabitants* (322) is not to be passed over hastily;—but the real excellence of a few parts is not sufficient to redeem many defects from making up a disagreeable whole.

Another painful subject is, M. Leon Coignet's *Episode of the Massacre of the Innocents* (338)—well known, by the engraving ;—in which an excited mother, who has taken refuge in a place as she hopes safe from the ken of her pursuers, stops her child's mouth lest its cries should betray her whereabouts. The picture is colossally coarse.—Nor does M. Etex shine in his academic study of *St. Sebastian* (336). His enterprise and successes with the chisel as well as with the brush are, however, so frequent that he can afford the blame attaching to a departure like the present from his ordinary course of merit.—Another study of *Louis the Seventeenth, when a Boy, in the Prison of the Temple* (342) is from the pencil of M. Decaisne. It is not unlike Greuze in the sentiment of the head and the tones of the flesh. Two studies for frescoes in the Basilica at Munich by Shraudolf—*St. Boniface of England preaching Christianity to the Pagans of Germany* (351), and *The Consecration of the same saint to the Bishopric of Mayence* (352), a companion to the former—reveal the care and sincerity with which the modern Teutonic *frescanti* set about their great undertakings. There is a truthfulness in the conduct of the forms—both nude and draped—well worthy the attention of our own students; by whom it is much to be apprehended that these and similar manifestations are voted dry and hard. They may serve as good correctives, nevertheless, to the overweening partiality for Dutch and Flemish influences.

The Cavalier Francesco Podesti, one of the leading artists of the present day at Rome, contributes to this collection *The Heroic Defence of the City of Ancona against the Army of the Emperor Barbarossa, in 1160* (386). It is one of the largest, most ambitious, and most successful works here. Spirit and feeling breathe through it, in spite of much of the convention of the Italian art of the middle of the last century. There is much in it also to remind us of the days of Camuccini :—and no slight congeniality with some of the encrustics of the Munich Residenz, with a better sense of colour, and here and there passages of action and of facial expression that would be creditable to almost any period.—*The Resurrection* (394), by M. Asher, is certainly no revival of the deep feeling of those treatments of the same subject which it obviously emulates. It is both mentally and materially weak.—To *The Christening Dinner* (401) by M. Geyer much commendation is due. He has here produced a more spirited and richly coloured result than is usual in Greuze's similar compositions of familiar life,—which it aims at resembling. While it has none of the insipidity of the latter, it has more liberal touches of truth,—without any of the French artist's prurience. The Augsburg Professor has beaten his prototype.

By another foreign Professor, M. Bähr of Dresden, *Ivan the terrible Czar of all the Russias, at the moment when some Pagan Conjurers foretell his Death* (458) is a design of no common order. The subject is of deep dramatic interest—and has been powerfully felt. The *mise en scène*, so to speak, is given with force and passion. There have been few figures in recent days more completely embodying the attributes of autocratic power in combination with the ferocity of animal nature than that of the king in this picture. For the discrimination between the European and Tatar races and other points of appropriate character the Professor is entitled to more commendation than for his accomplishments in colour or his management of light and shade.—The Chevalier J. J. Eckhout, on the contrary, in *The Idioty of Charles the Sixth* (472) has given up everything to colour and effect,—abandoned all address to the mind for the humbler desire of pleasing the eye.

Of the present condition and future prospects of the Swedish School little can be said if the six specimens here contributed by the reigning Prince are to be taken as fair witnesses :—and we are probably entitled to assume that some of the most accomplished examples of that school were selected for the purpose of exhibiting its character to the world's meeting. Liberality of aim and skill in art-appliance are alike wanting in the picture of *Calvary Troopers on their March*, by Prof. Wahlborn, of Stockholm. Its greatest merit is,

the individuality of physiognomy in the heads of the different soldiers. *The Marine Sunrise*, by M. Berger, is not of much mark; and *The Boys and Dog*, by Croily, are inferior to the average of such matters in the hands of ordinary artists of Paris or of London. *The Winter View of Amsterdam*, by Stäck, is not remarkable either for truth or for taste. The best of these pictures is by Wickemberg—*A Marine Moonlight*. It is without the delicate and chaste tints of the hour; but powerful in its light and dark,—the latter to the verge of blackness.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The *Revue des Deux Mondes* gives an account of the researches of M. Perret in the Catacombs of Rome, which will interest our readers. It appears that the antiquarian in question has been engaged for six years in exploring the catacombe, and in copying the remains of ancient Art hidden for ages in those extraordinary chambers. Burying himself for five years in this subterranean city, he has examined every part of it, in spite of difficulties and perils of the gravest character :—the refusal of his guides to accompany him,—the intricacy of the passages,—the necessity for clearing a way through galleries choked up with earth which fell in from above almost as fast as it was removed,—the difficulty of damming up streams of water which ran in from above,—the foulness of the air, and consequent difficulty of breathing and preserving light in the lower chambers. During his long sojourn in the nether regions, M. Perret succeeded in exploring the whole of the sixty chambers and their connecting galleries; and he has now returned to France with a collection of drawings which extends to 360 sheets in large folio. Of these, 154 sheets contain representations of frescoes,—65 of monuments,—23 of paintings on glass (medallions inserted in the walls and at the bottom of vases) containing 86 subjects,—41 drawings of lamps, vases, rings, and instruments of martyrdom, to the number of more than 100 subjects,—and finally, 90 contain copies of more than 500 sepulchral inscriptions. Of the 154 drawings of frescoes, two-thirds are indecipherable, and considerable number have been only lately discovered. Amongst the latter, as we learn from the *Revue*, are the paintings on the celebrated wells of Platonia, said to have been the place of interment, for a certain period, of St. Peter and St. Paul. This spot was ornamented with frescoes by order of Pope Damasus, about A.D. 365, and has ever since remained closed up. On opening the empty tomb, by permission of the Roman government, M. Perret discovered fresco paintings representing the Saviour and the Apostles, and two coffins of Parian marble. It is stated that on the return of M. Perret to France, the Minister of the Interior entered into treaty with him for the acquisition of his collection for the nation. The purchase has been arranged, and the necessary amount, upwards of 7,500*l.*, obtained by a special vote of the National Assembly. The drawings will be published by the French Government in a style commensurate with their importance.

Few towns in England stand in greater need of artistic embellishment than Leeds. Its Cloth Hall is about as ugly and dingy as a large building can well be ; and in its busiest part, near its market, railway and exchange, "where merchants most do congregate," there is hardly a building with any redeeming point of interest. The corporation, however, have at length resolved to erect a new Town Hall, for which a sum of 31,500*l.* has been already voted.

We hear from a correspondent at Berlin that the group of 'The Hero and the Lion,' a commission given some years ago by King Frederick William to Professor Rauch, and on which his pupil Albrecht Wolff has been engaged for a long time, is in a forward state. The work is intended for the empty pedestal in front of the Museum in the Lust-garten, as a pendant to the famous group of the Amazon by Kiss. Comparison and contrast will, of course, be courted by the position and subjects of the two works, but the time for criticism on relative merits has not yet arrived. The young artist labours in the light of his rival's great reputation ; but he has

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the advantage of preparing his model in the studio under the immediate eye of his old master, Professor Rauch. The attitude of his Hero is noble, and the composition of the figures is graceful and effective. The bronze cast is not expected to be ready for two or three years yet.

Among the votes of money recently passed by the French Assembly we notice a grant for the resumption of the suspended excavations at Nineveh—the renewed excavations to be directed by M. Place, the successor of M. Botta as French consul at Mosul; another for fitting out a scientific expedition to be despatched into Assyria to complete the discoveries recently made in that part of the world; and a third for clearing out a temple of Serapis, discovered in the environs of Memphis by M. Marlette, and conveying to Paris the statues and works of Art which it contains.

Nine new rooms were opened this day week in the Museum of the Louvre. The collections which they contain are so arranged as to illustrate in groups and periods the history of French sculpture from the *renaissance* of Art under Louis XII. to modern times,—the series of works closing with the productions of Houdon and Chaudet. In England we have nothing to compare with such a series. Our best works are scattered in private houses all over the country. We have, it is true, valuable though imperfect collections of some individual sculptors—such, for instance, as the Flaxman Gallery in London University;—but any approach to a general collection, such as would exhibit the progress of the art in this country and afford specimens of the styles of its great masters, we have not, either as national or as private property. The want of such a gallery—the need of a suitable building in which to arrange it—should be, among many others, a strong argument for the retention of the Crystal Palace.—Three other new rooms are in a forward state at the Louvre, and will shortly be opened to the public. They will be devoted to a collection of the sculptures of the middle ages.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. H. J. LINCOLN ON ROSSINI.—ON TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, AT THE LECTURE-HALL, GREENWICH, AT EIGHT.—Admission free to Members; by Tickets, 1s. each (Children 6d.), to be obtained at the Institution.

PUNCH'S PLAYHOUSE.—‘The Alderman's Gown; or, a Trip to Paris’ is the name of a little piece produced here on Monday. At Boulogne, the civic vestment is missed,—and the dignitary in question put to consequent inconvenience. Mr. Tilbury is charged with the exhibition of these perplexities; and subsequently dresses himself as an old lady—attends a ball and supper,—and dances the polka with the French republicans. The humour of the situations is broad,—but the wit of the dialogue is somewhat forced and heavy.

MISCELLANEA

The Archives of Belgium.—*The Moniteur Belge* publishes a report by M. Gachard to the Minister of the Interior relative to the old accounts of the towns and castellanies preserved in the archives of the kingdom. All the accounts for Flanders, which have been deposited since Philippe-le-Hardiat the *Chambre des Comptes* of Lille, were given up to Belgium by virtue of a special article of the Treaty of May 16, 1769. In 1770, they were added to the collection of archives at Bruges and Brussels:—and thus were obtained complete the records of which M. Gachard has drawn up a table.—He finds that there exist 9,464 general accounts, in which are to be found all the revenues and expenditure of the towns and castellanies. He also enumerates 962 private accounts, the most remarkable of which are—that for the expenses incurred for the siege of Calais, in 1436,—and that for assistance afforded by the inhabitants of Courtrai, in 1437, to Philippe-le-Bon for enabling him to compel the revolted townsmen of Bruges to surrender.—Besides these documents, relating to towns of Flanders alone, there are 1,877 which refer to other towns of the ancient Netherlands. All are incomplete, arising from war, fire, or the neglect of governments. These papers are, nevertheless, said to be of inestimable value.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—J. W. R.—W. H. D.—G. M.—W. S.—E. C. H.—J. W. B.—Sir R. S.—received.

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